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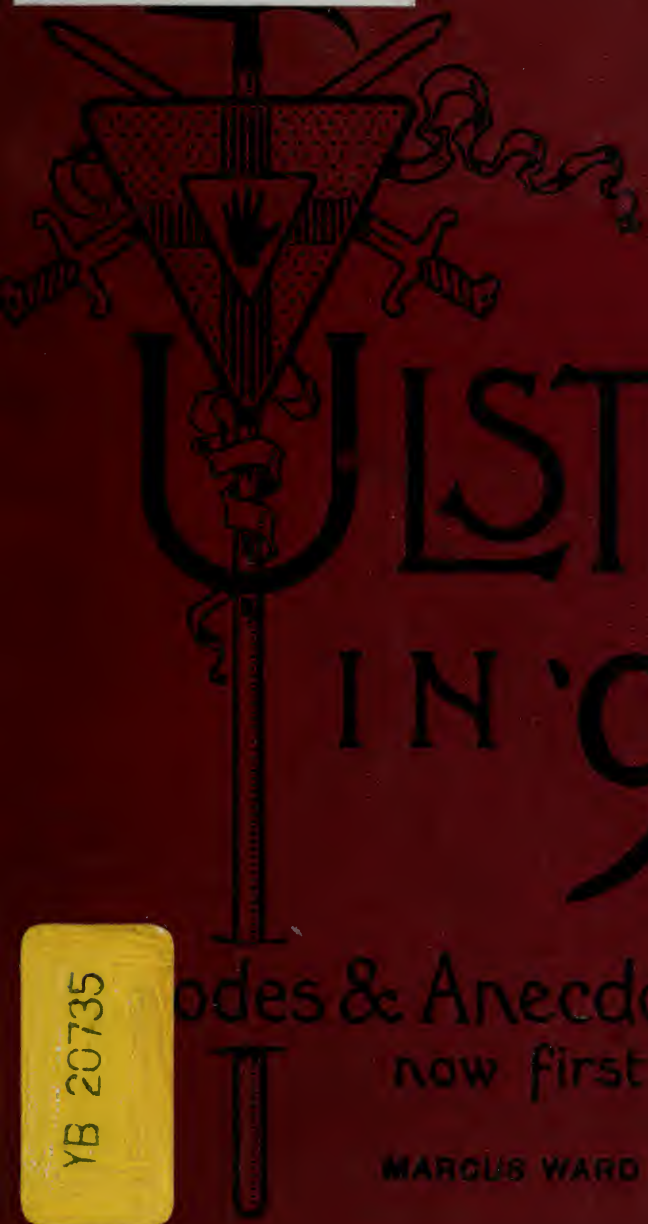

ULSTER IN '98

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ULSTER IN '98

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(From a Miniature.)

ULSTER IN '98

Episodes and Anecdotes

NOW FIRST PRINTED

BY

ROBERT M. YOUNG, B.A., M.R.I.A.

Editor of the "Town Book of Belfast"

Arms of Ulster.

Belfast

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HENRY MORSE STEPHENS

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PREFACE.

WHILST a number of histories of the Rebellion in 1798 have been written, and its political aspects exhaustively treated by such historians as Madden, Froude, Lecky, and Fitzpatrick, the social and local details of the struggle in Ulster are fast dying out with their narrators.

It is with the hope of preserving some material of this description, however scanty, that the present little work has been attempted. Every endeavour has been made to authenticate as far as possible the information supplied, orally and otherwise, to the Editor. The notes contain information collected more recently.

By the kind permission of Mr. Classon Porter, Ballygally Castle, Co. Antrim, the valuable notes made by his father, the late Rev. Classon Porter, Larne, are given *verbatim.* The local ballads collected by the latter and by S. M'Skimmin are of special value, as they have died out in oral tradition. Some incidental notes and letters have been placed in the Appendix.

Since going to press, much additional material of original value has been placed in the Editor's hands, including letters, &c., which may be used at some future time.

The best thanks of the Editor are due to Mr. Classon Porter for the use of his father's and Mr. M'Skimmin's MSS.; and to Messrs. C. Aitchison, J.P., Loanhead, N.B.; Hugh M'Call, Lisburn; Lavens M. Ewart, J.P., M.R.I.A.; John Vinycomb, M.R.I.A.; to the Chief Librarians at the Free and Linenhall Libraries; and to all other friends.

R. M. YOUNG.

1797-98.

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST

OF

Events in Belfast and Neighbourhood.

1797.

January 2—Public meeting held at White Linen Hall to form Volunteer Corps.
Feb. 3—Robert and William Simms, proprietors *Northern Star*, arrested.
March 13—Gen. Lake issued Proclamation to surrender all arms.
April 14—Colonel Barber surprised two committees "United Irishmen" at Peter's Hill.
,, 20—Rev. Sinclair Kelburne, W. M'Cracken, and other notable merchants arrested.
May 16—Four soldiers of the Monaghan Militia shot at Blaris on information of Newell.
,, 20—*Northern Star* printing office sacked by Monaghan Militia.
July 6—St. Patrick's Masonic Lodge declares its loyalty. Marcus Ward, chairman.
,, 12—6,000 Orangemen march in procession, with approval of Gen. Lake.
Sept. 18—Trial of William Orr, Farranshane; hung, 14th Oct., at Carrickfergus.
Dec. 1—Robert Simms chosen Commander-in-chief of County Antrim by Belfast Directory.

1798.

January 3—87 prisoners attempt to escape from the "tender" at Garmoyle.
,, 24—163 County Antrim jurors objected to by Curran at Dublin trials as "marked men."
Feb. 1—Ulster Directory met at M'Clean's, Randalstown, to prepare revolt.
,, 25—110,000 armed *United Irishmen* in Ulster alone.
March 23—Several houses in Belfast searched for Lord Edward Fitzgerald.
April 9—The four Belfast infantry corps agreed for military duty.
May 10—The Ulster Committee met at Armagh; plan to seize Dublin.
,, 24—Gen. Barber arrested 33 persons at Pottinger's Entry, who proved to be only tailors.
,, 27—Martial law proclaimed in Belfast.
June 4—Many shop windows broken by yeomanry for not lighting up.
,, 6—Will Tennent, John Hughes, Samuel Smith, Robert Hunter, and others, arrested.
,, 7—Battle of Antrim.
,, 9—Battle of Saintfield; 3 officers and 26 soldiers killed.
,, 12—Battle of Ballynahinch.
,, 13—400 Orangemen under arms; W. Atkinson, G.M. County Antrim.
,, 18—Lord O'Neill died from wounds received at Battle of Antrim.
,, 20—About 150 prisoners in Belfast.
July 7—Henry Joy M'Cracken tried and executed.
,, 13—The Belfast Infantry put off Military duty.
August 17—The heads of Dickey, Byers, and Storey taken down from Market House.

ULSTER IN '98.

EPISODES AND ANECDOTES.

[NOW FIRST PRINTED.]

THE BATTLE OF ANTRIM*.

N Belfast, Lisburn, and Carrickfergus, the disaffected were awed into submission by their numerous garrisons; hence no hostile movements were observed in those places, but some days previous several zealous adherents from those towns passed out into the country, and were actively employed in the insurgent ranks. In every other town in the County of Antrim risings in a greater or lesser degree took place; but as these were not directly engaged in the assault of the towns of Randalstown, Antrim, or Ballymena, we proceed with an account of the actions at those places, following up the lesser events of the insurrection in detail.

* From an unpublished MS. by Samuel M'Skimmin. It is evidently the first draft of the account printed in his *Annals of Ulster*, and although incomplete, gives details afterwards omitted or modified. As he was an old militiaman, his sympathies were with the yeomanry.

In the parishes of Drumaull, Dunean, and district of Grange, the insurgents assembled in great numbers on the appointed day, for the purpose of assaulting Randalstown, while a numerous body from the parish of Connor, and the adjoining parts of Drumaull, advanced in an opposite direction to second the attack. In Randalstown were then quartered about fifty of the Toome yeomen, under the orders of Captain Ellis. On the previous day they had been apprised of some hostile preparations going forward in the neighbourhood, and during the night a party of cavalry sent out to patrol were taken prisoners, about two miles from the town, on the road leading to Ballymena.

About twelve o'clock a.m. the insurgents were seen advancing in great force on the roads leading into the town, their several political orders distinguished by the colour of their several ensigns or flags. Those of corps chiefly *United Irishmen* were simply pieces of green stuff attached to a pike-shaft; the flags of the *Defenders* were of the same material, but edged with white or yellow, with a white or yellow cross in the field. Some of these were also ornamented in a fanciful manner with a yellow harp without a crown, and on at least one flag was in yellow capital letters, "REMEMBER ARMAGH."*

On the arrival of these bodies in the vicinity of the town, some delay took place as to which of the columns should advance first to the attack, when it was agreed that they should advance together; which they accordingly

* At the preceding Autumn Assizes in Armagh, Capt. St. Leger, 24th Dragoons, was found guilty of having taken the oath of an *United Irishman*, and transported.

did. To this time the chief leader seemed to be a person named Henderson, who, deserting his post, it was taken by another called George Dickson, who throughout the action behaved with the most fearless intrepidity. The insurgents on this occasion have commonly been estimated at upwards of 7,000, but though certainly numerous they were probably overrated.

At this time the yeomanry were drawn up in a line across the street, and on the entrance of the insurgents into the town by the Toome road, firing commenced between the parties; but the former, being also about to be attacked in their rear, were compelled to seek shelter in the Market-house, and on securing its gates they retired to its upper story. Their opponents immediately took possession of the opposite houses, and a desultory warfare was for some time kept up, but with little effect; for, judging from the number of shots discharged, and the trifling loss of the combatants, they seem to have been little disposed to deeds of blood. Seldom did any of either party appear at the windows, the muzzles of their guns were only seen, and were usually discharged at random by those protected by the jambs of the windows or couched on the floors. During this contest, some of the pikemen, getting close under the windows of the Market-house, when those within put out the muzzles of their guns to fire, with their pikes they knocked them up or aside. This, however, appears to have been truly a work of supererogation, as from the manner in which their shots were discharged their direct shots without this precaution were commonly so much elevated as to pass harmlessly over the houses!

The warfare had continued about forty minutes in this way, when a woman on the opposite side of the street, as if ashamed of their futile exertions, brought out from an adjoining house some burning straw, which she thrust through the iron gratings of the Market-house, where some

straw and hay were lying, having been used for some days by the yeomanry for a stable. The place was soon enveloped in smoke and flames, and the fire beginning to make its appearance through the chinks of the loft,

those within called out for quarter; and the stairs being at this time burnt down, ladders were placed against the outer walls, and then those within descended from their perilous situation into the street. In this affair three of the yeomanry were killed and five wounded; of the rebels, two were killed. Their wounded was never publicly known. Immediately after, the prisoners were sent off under a strong escort to Grogan Island, an insurgent encampment then forming about a mile distant; and on the following morning their officers, Ellis and Jones, were forwarded to Ballymena, then reported head-quarters of the EXECUTIVE DIRECTORY OR COUNCIL OF THE NORTH.

The capture of Randalstown being effected, a strong division, commanded by Samuel Orr, with whom was now associated George Dickson, Con Maginnis, and —— Haliday, proceeded in all haste to assist in the meditated assault on the town of Antrim. A strong corps was also ordered to Grogan Island; another was appointed to form the garrison of Randalstown; and the Dunean and Grange corps were ordered home with all despatch to throw down Toome Bridge, lest they should be assailed in their rear by troops from Derry or Tyrone. These last had only proceeded about a mile and a-half on their way, when they were met by a special messenger with the alarming intelligence that the army had already crossed at Toome, and were on their way thither; on which the column left the great road, changed their route, and took post on a rising ground about three-quarters of a mile distant. Presently some horsemen came in sight, who were soon ascertained to be the Salterstown Yeomen Cavalry, under the orders of Captain Thomas

Patterson. On their observing such a formidable array so near, they slackened their pace, and at length wheeled as if about to retrace their steps. At this movement a shot was fired by one of the insurgents, when the next moment one of the horsemen fell from its effect, while they continued their way, his horse keeping his place in the troop. A rush was now made from the insurgent line towards the fallen horseman, and, though mortally wounded, his clothes were torn off with the furious agility of so many Arabs. He proved to be a young man of the name of Hull, from Magherafelt, who died two days after, in consequence of his wound. A few weeks after, when those insurgents went to take the oath of allegiance before a neighbouring magistrate, one of them wore the very buckskin breeches that had been so outrageously torn off Hull.

The insurgents now continued their route to execute the service with which they had been charged, and about six o'clock in the evening commenced the destruction of the bridge. From its excellent masonry this proved a work of no little difficulty and labour, as for fourteen hours it resisted the most earnest application of the crowbar and pickaxe. A little after eight o'clock on the morning of the 8th, the centre arch fell into the river with a tremendous splash.

In the county of Derry risings took place, but they proved much less numerous than had been anticipated. On the evening of the 6th, one of the Kilrea leaders joined the yeomanry, and probably became an informer, as his colleague was soon after arrested. At Garvagh a rising did take place, but their numbers were so few,

and the Royalists being on the alert, they either set out for Maghera, returned to their homes, or joined the loyalists. On the night of the 7th, about 5,000 insurgents collected on the Crew Hill, in the vicinity of Maghera, armed with guns, pistols, pikes, scythes fastened on long poles, peat spades, and even reaping-hooks. During the night two messengers were despatched to Toome to learn if their services were wanted. They found their friends labouring to throw down the bridge, but low-spirited, as some fugitives had arrived with the disastrous tidings of the defeat of their friends at Antrim, and that Randalstown had been abandoned, the united forces retiring to Grogan Island. Some hostile feelings were also reported to have broken out in the camp over their cups—the Protestants toasting success to the Irish Union, in which the Roman Catholics refused to join, drinking success to the Real Defenders, meaning themselves. In this dilemma, as they expected soon to have down the bridge, it was determined to let those of Maghera shift for themselves, and an answer was returned to that effect. By the return of these messengers their friends had begun to disperse. It was confidentially *(sic)* asserted that General Knox was on his way thither from Dungannon with a numerous army, that Colonel Leigh was at hand, and the Boveagh Cavalry coming by the way of Bellaghy to cut off all chance of retreat. William M'Keiver, the chief commander, was among the first who left the ground, and he was soon followed by the other leaders. The confusion became general, each man threw away his arms and shifted for himself, and helter-skelter all fled from the Crew Hill. We now return to notice the

progress of the several hostile bodies whom we left on their way to the assault of the town of Antrim.

While hosts were thus pressing forward to the attack of Antrim, Major Siddons, commandant, had that morning received a message from General Nugent, then in Belfast, acquainting him that the town was about to be assailed by the rebels, and that troops were ordered to his support. The garrison at this time consisted of only one troop of the 22nd Dragoons, a company of yeomen belonging to the town, and about eighty inhabitants who had been called upon that morning to take up arms; but on the services of many of the latter little dependence could be placed. The common alarm was much heightened by the discovery that several of the disaffected had left the town that morning to assist in its attack. On searching the premises of these, pike-heads were found, on which two of their houses were set on fire and consumed. At the same time, thirty-five suspected persons were arrested, and lodged in the great room of the Market-house.

About eleven o'clock several persons came into the town from the country, each of whom may be said to have brought a varying tale. They, however, agreed that the people were everywhere in arms, and concentrating their number on Donegore Hill. Soon after, several magistrates arrived to attend the proposed meeting, among whom were James S. Moore and Robert Gamble, Esqrs. They had come from Ballymena that morning, where they had left all quiet, but they had been assailed by some armed bodies near Kells.

At half-past one o'clock the dragoons stationed on

the look-out announced that immense bodies of armed men were advancing on the Ballyclare and Templepatrick roads, and soon after these halted near the head of the Scotch quarter, or east end of the town. In each column those armed with muskets were in front, who were mostly old Volunteers; rear of those, on the Templepatrick road, came a brass six-pounder cannon,* loaded to the muzzle with musket balls, and under the direction of deserters from the army. These carried neither slow match nor port-fire, some burning peat borne by one of the gunners in an iron pot serving for both. This column consisted chiefly of the Carnmoney, Roughfort, and Templepatrick insurgents, and had been joined at Muckamore by a numerous body from Killead, and they now filled the road, their rusty pikes appearing above the tops of the adjoining hedges, and extending further than the eye could reach.

This halt was occasioned by the smoke still issuing from the two houses that had been set on fire, the cause of which smoke they were anxious to learn before they advanced into the town. During this delay messengers passed several times across the fields between those on the different roads, and a little after two o'clock they were again in motion, amounting in all to at least 5,000 men. From their coming in sight of the town their numbers had been gradually diminishing on various pretexts, as by halting to ease nature, taking out gravel

* This was one of the Belfast Volunteer cannon, that had been long secreted in the Presbyterian Meeting-house of Templepatrick. The other cannon, hid in the same house, was also dug up, but having only a few rounds of ammunition, and no carriage, it was suffered to remain near where hid, and on the following day was surrendered to the army.—Note in *Annals of Ulster*, p. 118.

from their shoes, none of whom afterwards joined their ranks. Some also stole off during this delay, but all were comparatively few to those who now cast away their arms and made off, regardless of the threats of their commanders, or the scoffs and curses of their companions. By some accounts these several desertions have been rated at one-fifth of the whole.

The Templepatrick division, with whom were now incorporated those of Carnmoney, Roughfort, and Killead, moved by the Scotch quarter, or east end of the main street. Their advanced party were composed of those with muskets, were told off into sub-divisions for street-firing, and were under the orders of a person named Joe M'Gastry, or M'Glashlin. In their rear moved the cannon, and behind it was the pikemen, who filled the street. Those on the Ballyclare road turned off to their right across the fields, and defiled down the northern side of the town, for the purpose of entering it by Bow Lane. A division from Randalstown was also to have entered the town by Patie's Lane, and by these arrangements it was purposed to place the military between two fires, by which it was believed they must immediately surrender, or be cut to pieces.

The alarm occasioned by the smoke proved highly fortunate for the garrison, as in the interim a reinforcement arrived from Lisburn, consisting of one squadron of the 22nd Dragoons, a troop of yeomen cavalry (Maragell),* and a detachment of artillery, with two pieces of cannon. These were under the orders of Colonel Lumley, who had hastened forward before the 4th light

* Magheragall.

battalion of militia, ordered from Blaris camp, or the troops on their way from Belfast, could possibly arrive. The artillery immediately took post in the street, in a line with the west side of the entrance from Massereene Bridge; the yeomen of the town, in *echelon*, were stationed on their flanks; and cavalry were drawn up on the sides of the street in their rear, to be ready to act as circumstances might require.

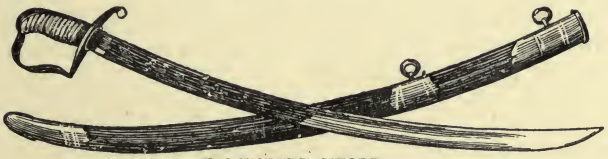
By the time of this momentary arrangement, the insurgents had advanced to nearly opposite the church, where they now halted, and immediately fired a volley. This was, the next moment, answered by that of the artillery and yeomen, but though at the distance of only about 200 yards, with little effect on either side. The artillery continued to fire several rounds of grape shot with great rapidity, which, had their guns been judiciously laid, must have swept their opponents off the street; but so ill were they directed, that the only injury felt by the insurgents was their casting up some gravel in the street. The fire of the musketry for a time is reported to have passed equally ineffective.

That no impression had been made by the fire of the cannon had probably been observed by those who had them in charge, as, at this time, a bombardier was killed by a musket shot, in the act of laying anew one of the guns; and the rebel musketeers made a rush from the street over the wall of the adjoining church-yard, which afforded excellent shelter, and also overlooked, in a great measure, the street. The day, at this period, was remarkably warm and calm; yet the slight current of air stirring, carrying the smoke raised by the firing in the

faces of the military, for a time nothing was seen of what was passing in their front. Hence, from the slackening of the fire of the insurgents, while those with firearms clambered over the wall, being mistaken for confusion, or they were about to retreat, the artillery and yeomen ceased to fire; the dragoons formed into line, and as many as the space would admit, having discharged their arms, headed by Colonel Lumley, made a furious charge up the street. At setting out they were met by a discharge from the rebel six-pounder cannon, filled with about 400 musket balls, and a six-pound round shot. Until this time the gun had not been observed, being covered by those who had retired into the church-yard; and, when nearly up with this gun, it was again discharged with a still more fearful effect. By a wounded horse falling upon one of the wheels it was broken down, and, though an attempt was made to prop it up, it was at length finally abandoned. The dragoons also sustained a destructive fire from those in the yard, yet their charge was vigorously maintained; but the numerous pikemen by whom they were now encompassed closing upon them in vast numbers, their swords were found a very inefficacious weapon, especially against at least ten to one, by which man and horse was now assailed; and, discomfited and broken, the survivors were compelled to retire from the unequal contest, and again suffered some loss as they passed the church-yard.

While the clangour of war raged in the main street, the Ballyclare corps, and the others accompanying them, proceeded, as directed, by the north side of the town. In their progress a company was ordered to join others

commanded by John Story,* about to enter by Patie's Lane, but by this time the firing had commenced in the street, and the utmost threats and entreaties by Story were equally unavailing to induce his men to leave the lane. The chief column, nevertheless, continued to move forward, but, from the time consumed on their way, it is evident that the roar of the cannon did not hasten their steps to second the efforts of their brethren, and hence it has been facetiously said that their movements were performed in ordinary time. However, they at length reached Bow Lane, and immediately as the head of the column entered the main street, where they were met by a volley from the loyalists who lined the garden wall of Massereene Castle, and also by the fire of the yeomen, then about retiring into the same garden. Appalled by the sight of a number of their comrades thus prostrated, the insurgents retired in tumultuous confusion into Bow Lane, the greater number of whom continued their flight by the fields.



VOLUNTEER SWORD.

* About two o'clock the Court (Martial) proceeded on the trial of John Storey, printer, of Belfast, who was charged with being a rebel leader at the battle of Antrim. The prisoner, being found guilty, was hanged at the Market-house, and the head, being severed from the body, was placed on a spike on the top of the Market-house.—*Belfast News-Letter*, July 3rd, 1798.

Recollections of '98 in Broughshane.*

I CONTINUED under the tuition of Mr. Alexander till Thursday, the 7th June, 1798. I remember the school was dismissed on that day at 12 o'clock. I walked over to my father's, and just as dinner was about to be laid on the table I heard a drum on the street. I went out, and directly opposite my father's I saw John Davis (who is since dead) beating the drum, but there were only a few straggling, unarmed individuals on the street. I remember going forward to him, and asking him what was the meaning of the drum being beat. He answered, "You'll know soon enough." In a few minutes afterwards, Sarah Young (now wife to James Young, of Antrim) and her sister Nanny, with several other females, came running, almost frantic with despair, into my father's, and exclaimed that armed men from Crebilly were marching down to the town, that they had French horns and other music with them, and that they would be in the town immediately.

I was too young to have any knowledge of the Rebellion, but not too young to dread danger. I remember the impression made upon my mind by the tears and trembling of the females was very powerful. I saw there was something dreadful at hand. I therefore got my brother Neill, who was born on the 7th April, 1791; my sister Naney, who was born on the 11th April, 1793; and my sister Nancy, who was born on the 8th

* From a MS. of Rev. Robert Magill, M.A., born 7th September, 1788, at Broughshane; educated at Glasgow University; Presbyterian Minister, Antrim; died 9th February, 1839.—See his life in *National Dictionary of Biography*.

June, 1796. I got them collected together, took Nancy (who was only two years of age) on my back, and set off with them by what was called the *Bucky Brae* (now Mr. James Logan's lawn) in order to go to Kenbilly, where my uncle and aunt resided. In passing the river at the wooden bridge (near where the new stone bridge has been built) I saw for the first time the armed men from Crebilly enter Tullymore by the Bridge of Broughshane. I sat down on the *Bucky Brae*, and beheld the numerous pikes and guns glittering in the sun, as the rebels entered the field, on the eastern side of which the house of the Rev. Wm. Crawford now stands. They paraded there, and then marched in rank and file to Ballymena.

I proceeded to Kenbilly, and found my uncle and aunt in tears. My uncle was a loyalist. In the evening my mother came to Kenbilly looking for her children, for she knew not where to find us, as she had not observed us leaving home. Stringer Murphy alarmed Broughshane by stating that hundreds were killed in Ballymena. I remember Friday, the 8th June, 1798; all was bustle and confusion in Broughshane. On a report having been spread that the military were approaching the town, the women and children fled towards Coreen Hill; the report, however, was not true.

I remember Saturday, the 9th June. I heard Capt. Duffin* order some of the rebels on the street of Broughshane to wear green cockades, and I saw my schoolmaster commanding a company of the rebels, and marching at their head. He afterwards went to the United States of America, where he died. The children belonging to Broughshane carried green branches in their hands; such is the infatuating power of example.

I remember Sunday, the 10th June. The insurgents

* "William Duffin, Ballygarvey, brought before a court-martial in Belfast, Oct. 17, 1798, for being a rebel leader in Ballymena on the 8th and 9th June. In consequence of the prevarication of the principal evidence against him, he was acquitted. This evidence was put upon his trial for prevaricating, and being found guilty, received 200 lashes."—*M'Skimmin's MS.*

on that day gave up their arms on the street of Broughshane—the guns, pikes, and swords were packed on cars. My father gave up my grandfather's sword.* I was exceedingly grieved to see it removed from the house.

The next event that bears powerfully on my memory was the approach of the army to their intended encampment on Tullymore Hill. I, with hundreds of the townspeople, stood on the elevated ground at the foot of the town in expectation of seeing the military advance. In a few minutes it was announced that they were approaching, and I distinctly recollect seeing their shining arms brilliantly beaming in the sun as they proceeded along by Newgrove to Broughshane. A goat of an uncommon size marched in front of the cannons. The 22nd Dragoons, the 64th Regiment, the Monaghan, Kerry, and Tipperary Militia composed part of the division. They marched through the town without halting, and immediately encamped on Tullymore hill.

Shortly afterwards a number of the military were billeted through the town; eight or ten were ordered, by billet, to my father's.

In consequence of a dispute between my father and a dragoon my father was taken prisoner, and confined in the Court-house. He was, however, set at liberty next day.

The next event that impressed my memory was the execution of the two Montgomerys. They were condemned by a court-martial held in the Court-house of Broughshane, and ordered to be hanged on the Moat at Ballymena. On the morning of the execution the troops, in military order, lined the streets. I recollect the cavalry had their swords drawn. I saw the two men taken out of the Court-house and pinioned on a car. The military procession then moved off with their prisoners to the place of execution.

I followed at a considerable distance, and when I

* He had worn this sword at the Battle of the Boyne. It is now in the editor's possession.

reached the houses at Dunfane, about one mile from Ballymena, the troops had passed through Ballymena to the Moat, and the gallows was visible. In a few minutes the men were executed.

About this period one of the artillerymen billeted in my father's invited me up to the camp in order to hear the evening cannon fired. I went; I approached the cannon at the *signal hour*. I stood at the distance of several yards when the match was laid, and most tremendous to my ear was the cannon's roar; my ears were pained with the sound; all was smoke about me, and the suffocating smell of gunpowder; the report of the cannon rolled and re-echoed along the hills in a peal like thunder.

As the country was under martial law, many individuals were tried by martial law in Broughshane Court-house, and sentenced to be flogged. This took place in a field at the foot of my father's garden called the fir park.

I saw Samuel Bones, of Lower Broughshane, receive 500 lashes—250 on the back, and 250 on the buttocks.

I saw Samuel Crawford, of Ballymena, receive 500 lashes. The only words he spoke during the time were—"Gentlemen, be pleased to shoot me." I heard him utter them.

I saw Hood Haslet, of Ballymena, receive 500 lashes. I believe he was only then about 19 years of age. Before he had received 100 lashes I heard him exclaiming—"I'm *a-cutting through*." There was a very heavy shower at the time.

All I recollect of the year 1799 is unimportant. One event, however, I particularly remember. It was the awful spectacle of human heads fastened on spikes and placed on the Market-house of Ballymena. When I looked up and saw the hair of the heads waving to and fro in the wind, I felt sensations indescribable.

The Tay Fencibles lay in Broughshane part of this year. They were succeeded by the Dumbarton Fencibles.

Stories about '98 and United Irishmen.*

MR. ANDREW STILLY, whom I visited in January, 1845, at his own house near Ballindrait, near Strabane, and who was then a most intelligent old man, aged eighty years, told me (on the occasion referred to) that he was present at the meeting where took place the appointment of every officer in the *United* business "for the nine counties." Information of their names and residences was given to Government by a traitor called *Connellan*,† an apothecary in Dundalk, with whom Mr. Stilly had walked home from the committee meeting. But Stilly escaped in consequence of Connellan not being able to remember his name, as it was such a strange one. But the traitor had given an exact description of his person and appearance, which also were somewhat remarkable, he being about twenty-four stone weight. This Connellan was afterwards sent out as a surgeon on board a convict ship, when the convicts rose, far out at sea, and literally cut Connellan to pieces, and threw the fragments of his body into the sea. They then ran the vessel into France, where they were taken prisoners and branded; but some of them made their escape, retaining, however, on their persons the marks of the branding-iron — amongst others, two brothers of the name of Bourne.

* Collected by Rev. Classon Porter, of Larne, from survivors of that time, and elsewhere. Just as these pages are at press, the Editor has been told that Mr. Porter embodied a portion in some articles for the *Northern Whig*.

† Called Conlan in Fitzpatrick's *Secret Service under Pitt, q.v.*

Mr. Stilly was present at the duel fought between O'Connell and Colonel D'Esterre, near Naas, in Kildare.

"Are the Sheares here, or is M'Cann come," was the password at Oliver Bond's when they were taken.*

Rev. Thomas Alexander, minister of Cairncastle, told me (November, 1841) that on the morning of the 7th of June, 1798, he was at the house of his sister, who died near Crumlin, and on the following day (Friday, June 8th) he came on a car with his sister, a servant, and five gallons of whiskey, from Crumlin to Cairncastle without molestation. They travelled, however, purposely by an unfrequented road. They saw Templepatrick in flames, and when they came to Ballynure, the people were carrying the furniture out of their houses to save it from the soldiers. He arrived at Cairncastle on Saturday, and preached to his people the following day.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

Mr. Alexander had attended a meeting of United Irishmen before the "turn-out,"† which was held in Larne, in the house of Mr. Johnston (grandfather of Mr. Thomas Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Sam. Alexander). At this meeting, a man called Dunbar, clerk in the Inver Mills, was in the chair, and he proposed that the Town of Larne should send a deputation to the French Convention. The meeting adopted the proposal, and further resolved that their chairman should be deputed for this purpose, but he declined the honour. Dunbar was afterwards drowned as he was returning from a Baronial

* On the 12th March, 1798, fourteen delegates, composing the Leinster Committee of United Irishmen, were seized in the house of Oliver Bond, Dublin.

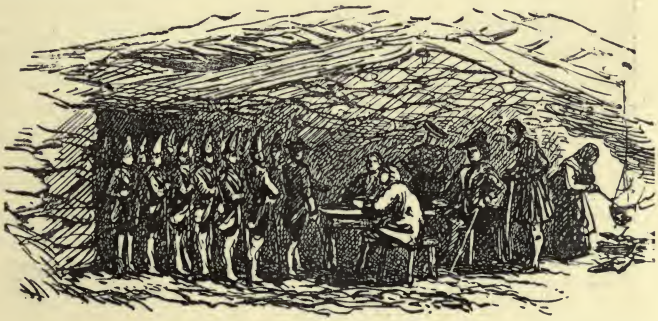
† In speaking of this insurrection it is very rarely called a rebellion, but commonly the "turn-out"—the call used at the time to those who appeared tardy to come forth to the ranks.—Note in *Annals of Ulster*, p. 112.

meeting; or rather, he got a severe cold, in consequence of his horse swimming the river, from which he never recovered.

After the turn-out, Mr. Alexander was arrested under the following circumstances. A man called Bob Major, of Belfast, who was deeply concerned in the rebellion, had taken refuge in Cairncastle, and for several weeks had escaped detection in the houses of Mr. Shaw, of Ballygally, Mr. Lewson (the senior minister), and Mr. Alexander. At length, arrangements were made to have a boat round in Ballygally Bay to take him off, and Mr. Alexander, Mr. Shaw, and one of the Sweenys (of Larne) went out a little from the shore to reconnoitre for her at the appointed time and place. In the meantime, the boat for which they were on the look-out had been taken by a revenue cruiser, and they, not perceiving how matters stood (for the boat was really in the wake of the cruiser) went on until it was too late to return, for the officer in command of the cruiser, hailing them, said, "Come on, gentlemen. When you have come so far, don't turn back." So he made them go on board the cruiser, where he treated them with the greatest kindness, but told them that they must consider themselves as prisoners, seeing that they were evidently attempting to escape from the country. He, therefore, took them with him to Carrickfergus, but allowed the boatmen to return to Ballygally. Mr. Shaw, who had all along suspected that matters were as they turned out to be, was confined for about a week, and Mr. Alexander for about a fortnight, in the Market-house of Carrickfergus.

The life of old Dr. Agnew was saved by Rev. Robert Campbell, of Templepatrick, who gave the doctor secret intimation of the approach of the soldiers, when they came to search his (Campbell's) house for him, as they had been told that he was there. In consequence of this warning, Dr. Agnew, who (according to old Jamey Burns) then kept a public-house in Templepatrick, had

time to make his escape, but his house (he then lived in Templepatrick) was burned. Dr. Agnew was deeply concerned in '98. A meeting of United Irishmen was held at his house on Tuesday, June 5th, two days before the turn-out, at which it was determined to seize the magistrates at their public meeting in Antrim on the following Thursday, the 7th of June, which brought on the Antrim fight. It was to Dr. Agnew's house also, in Templepatrick, that the two volunteer guns were brought out of Belfast, which were hidden in Templepatrick Meeting-house, and one of which was used at the battle of Antrim. The reason of this house being used as a rendezvous was that it was a public-house.



The late Sam. Kirkpatrick, of the Point, in Larne (who died about 1861, at the age of 81), was a member of the Larne Corps of Yeomen in '98. On one occasion he was of a party of that corps who were sent, under the command of Lieut. Baillie, of Allen's Brook (now Millbrook, near Larne), to seize a man for whom a reward of £50 had been offered. On reaching the house to which their private information directed them, they had to search a loft where a lot of flax was stowed, and to which the approach was by a ladder and a very small trap-door. Sam. Kirkpatrick being a very little

man, much the least man in the party, he was ordered to go up to the loft by his officer, who said to him, "Now, Kirkpatrick, for £50." On getting up to the loft, which was dark, and putting out his hands to search, the first thing he caught was the leg of the man for whom they were looking. He gave it a good squeeze, but said nothing; and, instead of uncovering his prize, he proceeded very deliberately to toss over the whole of the flax, and lay it carefully on the top of the poor rebel, so as effectually to conceal him. He then rejoined his party below stairs, and told them that he had searched the whole loft, and there was no man there; when they all went away. The man escaped, and, being afterwards pardoned, went to live as a weaver near Connor. Many years afterwards, Sam. Kirkpatrick, who had thus saved him, happening to be travelling that road, called at his house, and found him sitting at his loom. The weaver did not know who he was, but, hearing him say that he was from Larne, he asked if the Larne Yeomen were in force yet. Sam. Kirkpatrick told him that they were "broken," or disbanded. The weaver said there were some decent men amongst them. Sam said that he supposed they were like other men, some good and some bad. "There was one decent man in them, at any rate," said the weaver, "for he saved my life, when I was very nearly gone." "Oh," said Sam, "was that the night when I caught you by the leg, and covered you up with the flax when you were hiding in the loft?" The man jumped from his seat, and his joy at seeing the man who saved him may be imagined. (Sam. Kirkpatrick told this anecdote to Billy Hamilton, of the Point, who told it to me, June 20, 1863.—C. P.)

The 7th of June at Redhall,* near Ballycarry.

ON that morning a butcher called Hoy, of Ballycarry, came down to the New Mill, to the house of Alick Adair (father of my informant), who was foreman labourer, or landsteward, at Mr. Ker's, of Red Hall, and told him and his son-in-law, a man called . . . . . , who lived with him, that they must "turn out" and go with the rest of the country to Donegore Hill. They were both very unwilling to do so, but they had to comply, and having with great difficulty been allowed to wait till they got some breakfast, they were hurried away to join the insurgents. These were by this time all assembled in the front of Red Hall, which was occupied only by servants, Mr. Ker having got intimation, the night before, of what was to happen, and gone into Carrickfergus for safety. The arms of the district, which had previously been called in by proclamation, were stowed away in one of the rooms of Red Hall house; and the insurgents, knowing this, were about to break open the hall door to get at them. The butler, a man called Murray, told them that they need not do so, as he would open the door to them; which he accordingly did, and they went in. But on going up to the room where the arms were, it

* Formerly the residence of David Ker, Ballynahinch; now the property of John Macaulay, D.L. In the romantic glen close to the house Sir John Chichester's head was struck off by Sorley Boy in 1597.

was found to be locked; and as the key was not forthcoming, they put their shoulders to the door of the room and forced it open. They then took possession of the arms, consisting of guns, pistols, &c., &c., and handed them out, and downstairs, to their companions outside. On examining them, however, it turned out, to their great disappointment, that Mr. Ker had had the forethought to take the locks off every one of the guns and pistols, so that they were not of much use to them; but away they marched with them, such as they were, to Donegore Hill. Before going, they also broke open the coach-house, and took every scythe and pitchfork that they could get. But they did not stay long away. Most of them returned before they got half-way to Donegore, and by the next morning they were all back to Ballycarry, having heard that "the army" were coming.

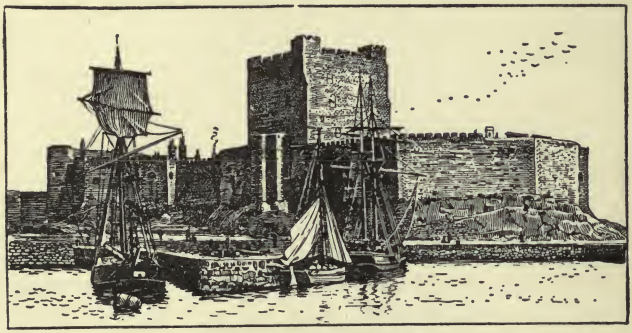
Mrs. Snoddy, widow of Jack Snoddy, the big bleacher, who was a daughter of the above-named Alick Adair, steward of Red Hall, saw and remembered what is above recorded. She was born near Red Hall, and was constantly about the house till she was fifteen years of age, when she went as servant to the M'Clevertys, of Glynn, whom she left and returned to Red Hall, then married Jack Snoddy, with whom she lived forty years at Poagstown, and, on his death, went to live at a house of her son's, Samuel Snoddy, in Anteville, where she told me the above, and some other anecdotes, on the 23rd June, 1863, as above stated.

Alexander Service, now (1865) living in Broad Island, told me (November 18, 1865) that he got one of Mr. Ker's guns out of the house of Squire Wilson, in Carrickfergus, where the gentlemen of that day all took refuge, and where Service's brother was a butler.

Hanging of Young Nelson at Ballycarry.

HE was from Island Magee, and was about 15 or 16 years of age when he was hung. On the morning of the 7th of June he came down to Red Hall, which was occupied only by servants (as already stated), and, ordering the groom to bring him out the best horse in Mr. Ker's stables, he mounted him, and galloped off through Island Magee to "raise the country," and warn them in to Donegore Hill. On his return, the horse was in a lather of foam and sweat. He therefore left him in the stables, and ordered out a second horse, with which he rode off to Donegore. But it was not this that hung him, for Mr. Ker was anxious to have saved him, although he got the credit of hanging him. It was some words that he said to a man named Jacob Cuthbert (near Ballycarry), who was a great Loyalist, and to Tom Johnston's wife, who was a daughter of a Hugh M'Ferran, living in 1865, which were the worst against him A petition for his pardon was sent off to the Lord Lieutenant, but without avail. He was hung on the cleft of a sycamore tree, which grew near his widowed mother's house, on the right hand side of the road as you enter Ballycarry from Larne, nearly opposite the present entrance to Red Hall, where she taught a family school frequented by pupils from Larne, Carrickfergus, and Ballynure. Shortly afterwards, people from Larne came at night and cut down the tree, to prevent its being

an annoyance to his poor mother. The people of Island Magee also built a house for her near the Slaughter Ford as you go into Island Magee from Ballycarry, to which she removed. I think the house is still standing. Will Cummins (or Coleman) and Will Nelson were brought out together from Carrickfergus with ropes round their necks. Mr. Ker saved Cummins, who afterwards got 500 lashes in Carrickfergus, but allowed Nelson to be hung, saying that he would let them see he could hang or save when he pleased. Samuel Nelson



CARRICKFERGUS CASTLE.

had been got out of prison two days before the 7th of June by Mr. Ker, but he showed his gratitude by helping to plunder Red Hall. (Alex. Service, Nov. 1865, *aet.* 91½.) William Nelson, who was hung in '98 at Ballycarry, was uncle to Miss Reid, still living and life-like at Ballykeel, head of Island Magee, where she has a small bit of land under Colonel Leslie, and teaches a sewing school. Miss Reid's mother was sister to William Nelson, and a girl of ten or eleven when he was hung. Will Nelson's mother, who was called Heffernan (or Havern) to her own name, and who was a widow with several children when her son was hung, and who

was also Miss Reid's grandmother, was born at Wine-cellar Entry, Belfast, and her people came from Dunmurry, where they still are. On the execution of her son, she was turned out of Broad Island by Mr. Ker, and got shelter in Island Magee with a man called Nelson, a distant relative. Two others of her sons were transported for different terms of years, but one died on board ship, and the other escaped to America, where he became an eminent architect. The tree opposite Widow Nelson's door, on which her son was hung, was cut down by twelve men, who carried it away to a place called the Ridge Moss. Nelson's mother died deranged, and at the last she thought the redcoats were coming to take her away.

A Croppy of '98.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JAMES BURNS, AN "OLD CROPPY."

NOTE.—He described himself a native of Templepatrick, and now (1863) an inhabitant of the Parish of Ballynure, and living at a place called "The Old Castle." As told to me by himself, in my own house at Larne, this 24th day of June, 1863.—C. P.

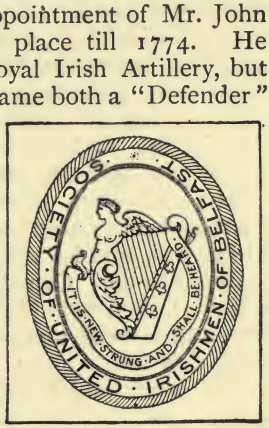
FROM this singularly interesting narrative, it will be seen that the hero of it, who is still a hale old man with a clear head and good memory, but not so good as it was, in the 92nd year of his age—having been born March 13, 1772—has been during the course of his eventful life—

1 A soldier in the old Royal Irish Artillery.
2 A deserter from that force.
3 A "Defender."
4 A United Irishman.
5 A rebel in arms.
6 A soldier in the 3rd Buffs.
7 A gardener.
8 A weaver.
9 A hardware pedlar, and
10 last, a "travelling man looking his bit."

In these various capacities he has been in different places in England, Ireland, and Scotland; and with respect to the province of Ulster, has lived for different periods in Templepatrick, Ballinashee, Glynn, the four towns of Inver, Island Magee, Broad Island, Kilwaughter,

and Groomsport (Co. Down). He showed me the marks of a sabre cut on the back of his head, and of a bullet wound in one of his legs. He was married in the prime of life (about 36) to a Molly Scott, but had soon to part from her on account of her temper. He lived, as he said, for 55 years a blameless life as a "grass widower." His wife, he hears, is dead about six weeks ago, and, being now 91 years of age, he spoke to me, seriously, about being at length "free by the laws of God and man" to marry again." Not the least curious part of his history is the singular provision which he has made for his interment in Ballycarry Churchyard, having there erected for himself a headstone at a particular grave, with a most singular inscription upon it, as hereinafter mentioned.

James Burns was born in the Parish of Templepatrick on the 13th March, 1772, and was baptised by Mr. Wright of Donegore—the congregation of Templepatrick being then vacant, after the death of Mr. White (in that year), and before the appointment of Mr. John Abernethy, which did not take place till 1774. He enlisted, when young, in the Royal Irish Artillery, but deserted from that force, and became both a "Defender" (of which see hereafter) and a United Irishman, taking in the latter capacity the following oath, as given in his own words:—



BADGE OF THE UNITED IRISHMEN.

"I, James Burns, do voluntarily declare that I will persevere and endeavour to form a Brotherhood of affection amongst Irishmen of every religious persuasion. I do further declare that I will persevere and endeavour for a Parliamentary Reform, and for an equal representation of all the people in Ireland. So help me God."

He was at the battle of Antrim on the 7th June,

being then 26 years of age, but says that they did not go into Antrim on that day to fight at all, but only to seize the Magistrates (or, as he called them, "the Grand Jury"), who were to meet in Antrim on that day, as arranged at a meeting of "United" Colonels, held in Templepatrick, at the house of Dr. Agnew, on the previous Tuesday, 5th June. Sam. Parker, the colonel of the Kells men, informed Major Siddons, commanding the troops at Antrim, of this intention of the insurgents, and therefore Siddons had "the army" ready to receive them. For this piece of treachery, Parker was afterwards stabbed at his own door by Dickey (the attorney), a native of Crumlin—a rebel leader—who had the command at Randalstown. Burns says that a large party of the United Irishmen, 15,000 as he describes them, never took part in the fight at all, but stood at the outside of the town, being on their way to the appointed rendezvous at Donegore Hill. With this party, Burns says, were Harry Joy M'Cracken, Sam. Orr (brother of William Orr, who was hung), and Tom. Ben. Adair, of Leighinmohr (the last named being a Loyalist, to whose gate the rebels were afterwards ordered to bring their arms and give them up, which a great many of them did). James Rusk, of the Bochill,* near Devis, was the colonel of the Templepatrick men, and was to have led them into Antrim on the 7th June, but did not do so. He came down on that morning and saw them paraded, and, on their setting out, said he would follow them, which, however, he forgot to do. Captain John Gordon (of Donegore), a carpenter, then took the command of the Templepatrick men, and insisted upon their being put in the van, and going first into Antrim. Campbell,† the Captain of the Killead men, wanted them to be put first, but Gordon

* A standing-stone at the back of Divis, commanding a view of Glenavy and Lough Neagh, where the "United" men held meetings.

† He was buried in the field at rere of S. Skelton's garden. He was called Big Billy Campbell.

would not allow it. Campbell was as clever a man as ever stepped in black shoe leather. He fell in Antrim. The insurgents had with them one brass six-pounder, which Burns (being an artilleryman) was appointed to help to serve. This gun was mounted on an old carriage which had belonged to Lord Templetown, and on which they had drawn timber in the demesne. Burns helped to fire this gun twice, his father charging it. The first time they put in two tins of musket bullets and 2½lb. shot. The second time they put in 3lb. shot, but on neither occasion did it do much good, or harm, as they could neither raise nor lower it on the carriage. The cavalry charged them to take it from them, and the pikemen receiving the cavalry to protect their gun, the horses fell on the old carriage on which it was mounted, and broke the wheels to pieces, so that it lay there, and was of no more use. Burns does not know who killed Lord O'Neill in Antrim, nor does he think that anyone knows. Mr. Palmer, Larne, a Killead man, told me (July 1, 1863) that Lord O'Neill knew, but would never tell the man's name, as he was a tenant of his own. His son Macready became a groom at Shane's Castle, and his brains were knocked out by the kick of the horse that Lord O'Neill had ridden in Antrim the day he was piked

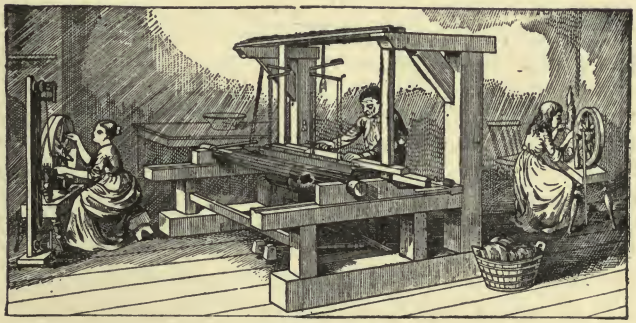
In the flight from Antrim, Burns was running across a field with Paul Douglas of Parkgate, when they were hotly pursued by two of the cavalry, either belonging to the 22nd Dragoons or the Belfast Cavalry. Burns and Douglas had each a musket in their hands. They had got over a thick hedge, which the cavalry were preparing to jump after them, when Douglas said, "Jamey, are you loaded?" "I am," said Burns, "but not primed." "Then prime her," said Douglas, "or we are gone men." So he did so, and as the first horseman cleared the hedge, Douglas finished him; he then snatched Burns' gun out of his hand, and as the second was jumping over, he finished *him* also. (N.B.—I rather think that Burns killed one of the men himself.) However, Burns and Douglas escaped.

Slemish.

ABOUT eight days after the battle of Antrim, Burns, with Dickey, M'Cracken, James Hope (Belfast), James Orr (Ballycarry), and others, amounting altogether to 56 persons, all armed some way or other, went to Slemish, near Ballymena, where they lay 21 nights. He says they just lay there, and cracked,* and tumbled, and rolled about. M'Cracken happened to be one day standing at the foot of the hill, where he began prodding the ground—not far from the bottom—with the point of his sword.† The water rose, and he went on making the hole larger and larger, until it became a considerable size; and this was the origin of what is now called "M'Cracken's Well." Sam. Orr (brother of Will. Orr, who was hung) was with them at Slemish, and he went into Ballymena one morning early, before it was clear, and informed Colonel Green of the Tay Fencibles‡ about the United Irishmen being on the top of Slemish. Col. Green sent one orderly dragoon with a letter to them, to say that, if they did not go out of that, he would bring the guns and blow them into the air. This letter was read to them all, and it was agreed amongst them that they should do as they were bid, and go away.

* Told stories.
† His sword, a volunteer one, is in the Belfast Museum.
‡ It was in this corps that John Thomson, the Belfast engraver, served.

They then went to the Little Collin, a hill near Glenwherry, where they stayed about fourteen days; when Rev. Mr. Holmes, the seceding minister of Ballyeaston, sent word to "Fogy" Lee, in Carrickfergus, that there were a set of robbers on the top of the Little Collin, and for him to come out with troops to disperse them. Another old Fogy, called John Magill, father-in-law to Rev. John Bankhead (2nd wife), a private in "The Veterans," gave a boy 2s. (equal to 2s. 2d.), with a letter to bring to the men on The Collin, to tell them of what was done, and warn them. They then all finally scattered, and each man took his own road.



LINEN LOOM.

Wanderings.

JAMES BURNS went to Ballycastle (changing his name to James M'Cormick), from which he crossed over to the Big Islay, in the Highlands of Scotland, where he wrought for half-a-year in a garden. He then returned, apparently to Templepatrick Parish (for his recollection at this point was somewhat indistinct), where he seems to have quarrelled on a Christmas night with some of the Templepatrick Yeomen (whose names he mentioned, but I forget them), and they informed against him as a deserter, and he was arrested at Lyle's Hill. But he says it was not the charge of desertion which came against him, but having burned a house at Tildarg, for which David Woods was hanged at Doagh. Burns said he had nothing to do with the burning, but at this part of his story he stripped up his stocking and showed me the mark of the bullet wound in his leg, which was somewhat suspicious. He was taken to the Belfast Prevôt, where he was kept six weeks; then to the Dublin Prevôt, where he was kept four weeks. While in the Belfast Prevôt he got half-a-sovereign from H. J. M'Cracken's sister, Miss M'Cracken (still alive, 1863), who sent it to him by her servant, who was a Templepatrick girl, and had come to see Burns in prison. At Dublin he found out the difference in the oath that the Roman Catholic United men took in the South from what they had had in the North. He said that no true-

bred Presbyterian could have taken the Southern oath. From Dublin he was taken to a place which he called "New Geneva," where he stayed five months. This was a noted bridewell in County Wexford, where suspected rebels were incarcerated previous to transportation; and there he was given the option of volunteering into any regiment of the line which was then serving abroad, and he volunteered into the 3rd Buffs, which at that time was serving at St. Kitts and Brimstone Hill, as he called it. He joined the depôt of this regiment, and was with them at Plymouth, Jersey, and other places, staying altogether in the Buffs fourteen months, and being discharged at the Peace in 1802.

When he left the soldiers he came to Templepatrick, where he stayed until all the people became Orangemen round about him, when he had to flit again, and came to Kilwaughter, where he wove with Jack Meharg, at Leslie's, and Jamey M'Dowell, of Ballyedwards. He also wove in Glynn in the four towns, in the house of Widow Chester, and in Island Magee (in the latter place with Jack M'Cammond the pilot, of whom, in connection with Bob Major, see hereafter). When he was in the neighbourhood of Larne, Lieutenant M'Cleverty "drew him with his own hand in the reserve army," and to avoid serving, he went to Groomsport, Co. Down, where he wove with a man called James Russell. He then left that, and came back to Templepatrick. From that he went to Broadisland, where he lived as a weaver 19 years, and where he married Molly Scott, as above stated. He was married by Mr. Bankhead,* on lines from Mr. Campbell, of Templepatrick. After the ceremony was over, he asked old Bankhead, "Sir, what's your charge?" And on Bankhead hesitating to make a charge, Burns handed him an "old thirteen" for himself and his clerk, at which Bankhead was very angry, saying that was of no use to him, and threw the shilling at his head. He was

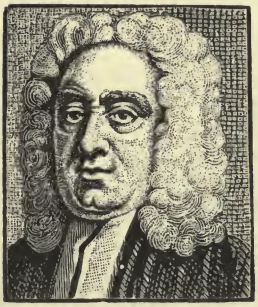
* Dr. Bankhead, who attended Lord Castlereagh, was a son of the above.

put up to this by Mr. Campbell, in consequence of some steps which Bankhead had taken in the Synod about the law respecting charge for marriages. Burns soon parted from his wife, as already stated. He said she had such a temper that no man could live with her. They had one child, a daughter, who went to live with her mother in Belfast. The mother kept a lodging-house, and died about six weeks ago. The daughter married a pilot of the port, and had a family, but old Burns has never seen any of his grandchildren. "He lived, blamelessly, for 55 years, the life of a grass widower."

Leaving Broadisland, Burns went for a time to Scotland and then returned to Ireland, finally settling at Ballynure, his present residence, where he has lived for 36 years, at the "Old Castle," in a house which he has free for life from Alex. Sim.

He speaks of ending his days in the Poorhouse, after he has become too infirm to attend to himself.

And now for his tombstone, which he has already erected and inscribed for himself. When he was living in Broadisland. he procured from Thomas M'Kerley, of Braidisland, whose father was sexton in Ballycarry Meeting-house, the right to one grave in the old churchyard of Templecorran,* situated near the Ker vault. At the head of this grave he has put up a small rough limestone slab, on which he has caused to be rudely cut the following singular inscription (which I had previously seen and copied, May 19, 1863), and of which the author has now given me an account and translation—



SWIFT.

* Dean Swift preached in the old church when Prebendary of Kilroot.

Christ 61s th2 64rd th1t sp4ke2 3t
H2 t44k th2 Bre1d 1nd br1k 3t
And 6h1t th1t 64rd d3d m1k2 3t
Th1t 52 b2l32v2 1nd t1k2 3t

TRANSLATION.

Christ was the word that spake it,
He took the Bread and brake it,
And what that word did make it
That we believe and take it.*

KEY.

A E I O W } ?
1 2 3 4 5 } ?

Of this singular inscription old Burns gave me the following account and translation. It was dictated by himself, but written by a schoolmaster named Wilson, whom I knew, he having taught the Killyglen School, and also the Craigamorne School, for a very short time under me. Wilson said that anyone who could read "figure writing" would understand it. But I confess I do not know what this is, and must ask Wilson. At first I thought the character were Masonic, having heard from Robert Hunter, at Ballycarry, that the man named on it was a Freemason. I therefore showed it to James M'Cammond (of Larne), a Mason, who could make nothing of it. He showed it, at my request, to William M'Clelland, of Island Magee, who said that he *could* interpret it, but dared not do so to any one who was not as high up in Masonry as himself. He said, however, that it alluded to the Ark of the Covenant. Old Burns laughed when I told him this, and said there was nothing in it Masonic at all. The following is the translation :—

* These lines are quoted by Sherlock in the *Practical Christian* (1698), *Notes and Queries* (2nd Series, v. 438). The cypher does not agree with the key, but would do so if w=6 instead of 5.

"James Burns, born 1775." (Should be 1772.)

"Christ was the word that spoke it,
He blessed the bread and broke it,
And what that word did make it
I believe and take it."

The meaning of these words I cannot tell, nor did Burns tell me. He says that a man called James Semple, of Carnbrock, near Bellahill, a Mason, has promised to have his remains laid where he has erected his own tombstone. Old James Burns died in Larne Poorhouse, in 1864, aged 92 years.

In the foregoing narrative of the life and adventures of James Burns—the old Croppy, as he styled himself—the following persons, it will have been observed, are mentioned, and their names are here brought out in connection with the offices which they are therein represented as filling :—

1. Major Siddons seems to have been in command of the ordinary troops at Antrim on the 7th June, 1798. For a curious case between him and Paul Douglas's wife see below.

2. Colonel Green was stationed at Ballyclare at the same time.

3. "Fogy" Lee was at Carrickfergus, in command of the veterans, called "Fogies."

4. Harry Joy M'Cracken, of Belfast, an insurgent leader and fugitive; hung. See note to song called "M'Cracken's Ghost."

5. James Dickey, from Crumlin, an attorney. Commanded the insurgents at Randalstown, and killed Sam. Parker, the traitor, with his own hands, while standing at his own door, where he went for the purpose.

6. Bob Major, an insurgent and fugitive, of whom more hereafter.

7. James Hope, from the Braidies, in parish of Templepatrick, a clerk in the printing office of Mr.

Smith, Belfast.* A rebel leader, organiser, poet, and historian.

8. James Orr, poet, of Ballycarry; rebel, fugitive, and "rejected yeoman." See below.

9. Sam. Orr, brother of William, who was hung; an insurgent fugitive, but gave information to Colonel Green about his comrades on Slemish.

10. James Rusk, of Bochill, near Devis, colonel of Templepatrick men; funked.

11. John Gordon, Templepatrick; headed Templepatrick men at Antrim.

12. Campbell, Killead; headed the Killead men.

13. Sam. Parker, Kells; gave information to Major Siddons, and stabbed by Dickey at his own door.

14. David Woods, hung at Doagh for burning a house at Tildarg.

15. Paul Douglas, Parkgate; shot two dragoons after Antrim. See hereafter.

In addition to the foregoing particulars respecting himself in connection with '98, old Burns gave me the following information respecting the following poems and occurrences at the same time. He spoke of a number of men as being "Fifty Pounders"†—*i.e.*, persons on whose heads a reward of fifty pounds was laid by the Government. Of these he specified the following, and mentioned their fates. But I think there must have been many more which he did not mention.—*e.g.*, Dickey.

Henry Joy M'Cracken, of Belfast, "a simple man," as Burns described him, and with no devilishness in him. Hung in Belfast. See a note to song called "M'Cracken's Ghost."

* Joseph Smith's daughter informed the Editor (1891) that she remembered Hope working for many years. His son Luke published *The Rushlight*, a Belfast magazine, in 1825. For life of James Hope see Madden's *United Irishmen.*

† "For I'm a Fifty Pounder, and am obleeged to flee."—*Chorus of Old Ballad.*

Bob Major (of Belfast). He was for a long time "on his keep" in Cairncastle, as detailed in the foregoing pages by Mr. Alexander. He then took shelter for a time with James Hunter, of Gallaugh, below Glenarm, whose place was burned by the soldiers. They both went together to Norway (getting away, Burns thinks, at Ballygally), from which Hunter returned to Gallaugh, and then he and his sons finally went to America. Major went to Prussia, where he settled and married, and Burns told me the following curious and remarkable story respecting him, which he assured me was true, for he had it from the lips of John M'Cammon, Pilot of Island Magee, a party concerned. It appears that, about 16 years ago, a Prussian ship coming into Belfast Lough was boarded by a pilot, the above named John M'Cammon, of Island Magee, who took her in charge. After some conversation on deck, the captain of the ship took the pilot down to the cabin, and began asking him a great many questions about that part of the country and the people, and at length told who he was—Bob Major, the rebel fugitive and refugee, but now the Prussian captain and owner of the ship which he sailed; and, speaking the Prussian language in ordinary to his crew, Major then asked particularly about a natural child of his own, which had been taken home and reared by a man called Tom Milliken, of Ballynure (?). He also asked about Billy M'Clelland, of Island Magee, and other people. When the ship reached Belfast, Major (always passing and speaking as a Prussian) took M'Cammon, the pilot, to the ballast office, where the pilots are always paid, and just as they were coming down the steps of the office, a funeral appeared coming up the street, which turned out to be that of an uncle of Major's He joined the funeral procession, and took the arm of some of his relatives. The pilot stepped aside. Major told him not to be heard speaking to him in English.

William Curry, of Island Magee, was a "Fifty Pounder." He made his escape to America, and came back.

William M'Clelland, of Portmuck, Island Magee, was also a "Fifty Pounder." He made his escape to America, came back, and became a Lieutenant in the Island Magee Yeomanry. He was also a great smuggler.

Paul Douglas, of Parkgate, was another "Fifty Pounder." He accompanied Jamey Burns in the flight from Antrim, when he saved them both by shooting two soldiers, as already mentioned. He made his escape to America, but got back in the following curious way:—His wife, whom he left behind him in this country, was a particularly handsome woman. Major Siddons took a fancy to her, and said if she would yield to his wishes he would bring Paul back to her out of America. At first she refused, but finally consented to Siddons's proposal. He kept his word, and brought Paul back. Douglas and his wife, however, eventually went, both of them, to America.

Mr. Burke, Larne, told me to-day (July 1, 1863) that Paul Douglas had been a "Heart of Steel" man before the Rebellion, and with success they had levied black mail off the Barklies, of Larne, for having taken some widow's farm from her over her head, I suppose, near Drumadarragh.—C. P.

James Orr, of Ballycarry, the poet, was a "Fifty Pounder." He went for a time to America, but came back, and offered himself to be a yeoman in the Broadisland Corps, but Mr. Ker would not admit him, and James Campbell, of Ballynure, a brother poet, made a song upon him under the title of "The Rejected Yeoman."

Note.—Strange to say, James Hope was *not* a "Fifty Pounder," and there was no man did more for "Union" than he did, travelling north, south, east, and west. Neither was Burns himself a "Fifty Pounder," because, as he said himself, he was not of that rank.

"A young gentleman from Belfast, called Robert M'Gladdery," went with the rebels into Antrim on the 7th of June.

The boy who carried the "colfin" for the six-pounder was a lad of the name of Lynas, who lived for many years in the service of Malcolm Fleming, now (1863) nurseryman, Larne, but who formerly lived at Ballyrobert On one occasion, when the colfin ran done, he cried for them to put him in, as colfin, and fire him against the major (Siddons). He was ever afterwards called "the bombardier." (A. Fleming, July 28, 1863.)

William Dunn, of Larne, who is mentioned in M'Skimmin's *Annals of Ulster*, at page 87, as a leader of the United Irishmen, was a hatter from Dublin, and lived in the Cross Street, in Larne. He was no great soldier, for on one occasion, at a shooting match which they had in Larne, when it came to his turn to fire, he put the gun to his shoulder, and, instead of pulling the trigger *to* him, he pushed it *from* him. Someone showed him what he was to do, and his reply was, "There's something in knowing the way of a thing." (Billy Hamilton; time, October 16, 1868.)

The Rebel Guns.

THE Rebel Guns that were hidden in Templepatrick Meeting-house had belonged to the Blue Battalion of the Belfast Volunteers. On the disarmament of the Volunteers, these guns —two brass six-pounders—were somehow or other kept back, and given in charge to James Gault (a Templepatrick man) and Rowley Osborne, who had been members of that volunteer corps. Shortly before the "turn-out," they were brought from Belfast in Mr. Blow's* carts to the Dunadry paper mills, and thence to Dr. Agnew's house in Templepatrick, from which they were taken by night and hidden in the Templepatrick Meeting-house, under the seat that was then occupied by Mr. Birnie, of the bleach-green. Only one of these guns was taken to Antrim, having been fastened by * * * the blacksmith, with iron straps, to a timber carriage of Lord Templetown's, as above mentioned. It was loaded with bullets by Burns's father, and he himself helped to serve it. But it did not do much execution, having been fired only twice, and finally came to grief, from the horses of the cavalry, as I have already stated. The other gun was not lifted out of the Meeting-house.

* A relative of Mr. James Blow's, called Arthur Kennedy, who escaped from the battle to an uncle's house in James Street, Belfast, was concealed in a coal cellar under the stairs. When the soldiers entered the house, and, seeing the coal-hole, asked the servant (who had all his accoutrements concealed on her person) if he was in hiding, she jokingly replied that they should search the coal-hole. But this was not done, and he escaped to New York, where he died, aged 25; and a monument was erected to him, with the words—"To the handsome young Irishman." (Communicated by Mr. James Blow.)

Mr. Burke (Larne) told me to-day (July 11, 1863) that some man of the name of M'Givern was employed at the firing of the rebel gun in Antrim, according to a verse in an old song.

"The Defenders" were a shade worse even than United Irishmen. This system was first introduced from the South to the North by James Hope. The Defenders' oath, as at first proposed, was of such a kind that no true-bred Presbyterian or Protestant could take it. But it was afterwards modified, and generally taken in this neighbourhood. In Burns's time all the young fellows in the Glynn village were "Defenders," including Henry Johnston (living), Jamey M'Mullan (living), and his brother, Billy M'Mullan. In the parish of Kilwaughter —Willy Nelson, of the Whins; Willy Nelson, of Rory's Glen (alive 1863); and Willy Humphries, of the Bogtown (alive 1863), were "Defenders," with many others. The last named was also a Freemason and a Yeoman, and, as old Burns said, a glass of whisky would buy him to any side.

Father Devenny, of Ballygowan, near Larne, whom I very well remember, was commonly supposed to have been an informer in 1798; and Billy Hamilton, of the Point, told me that James Campbell, the poet of Ballynure, saved his life, in some way or other, when a number of United Irishmen came out from Carrickfergus to despatch him. Burns says it was old Devenny who informed on William Murphy (a deserter from the artillery), who harboured for a time about Henry Clancarty's, at the Headwood, Kilwaughter, and on whom a song was made, for which see this book further on. Devenny did not inform personally himself; he got his mother to do so, but he got the reward.

Assassination Committees in '98.

OLD Burns does not know personally, or of his own knowledge, of such committees or clubs having existed; but he did hear and believe that the United Irishmen would have taken the life of an informer if they could. He mentioned the following cases.

1. He was present at a meeting of United Irishmen, in a barn at Ballycushion, near Templepatrick, when William Glen was tried by a jury of twelve sworn men (six from Belfast and six from Templepatrick) for having given information to Lord Templetown; and he thinks that if he had been found guilty, he would have been killed. But he was acquitted, for Billy Johnston, his accuser, when sworn, would not declare positively that he was the man; and Glen afterwards went with them to Antrim.

2. On another occasion, a pedlar came out of Belfast to Templepatrick, and stayed some days, professedly selling handkerchiefs. Immediately after him, another man was despatched out of Belfast, on horseback, with a letter to William Galt, in whose service Burns's (my informant's) father then lived, to say that the pretended pedlar was an Informer, and put the United Irishmen on their guard against him. Mr. Galt sent his servant, Burns's father, to Dr. Agnew's public-house in Templepatrick to make inquiries about him. He was found to

be stopping in the house. Sam. Corry (who was a great man in that way) was sent for. He spoke to the man, and treated him, as did two or three other people who came in on hearing the news. But they did not mind him that night. He continued coming backwards and forwards, when some of the Templepatrick young men made it up, amongst themselves, what they would do

with him. They invited him out one evening to take a walk with them, and he never returned. His body was found about eight days afterwards in Mr. Birney's meadow.

A Croppy Toast—The Temple of Liberty. May each quarter of the globe supply a corner stone. May the canopy of the skies be its roof, and may all mankind be its inhabitants. (James Burns, *aet.* 91, July 27, 1863.)

George Dickson, or General Halt.

HE was a servant of Dickey's, the attorney and rebel captain, and got the latter name of "General Halt" from the following curious circumstance which Burns told me, and which he knew to be true, having been almost an eye-witness of the entire occurrence. Alone and unaided he disarmed five of the Tay Fencibles, with their sergeant, as they were on their way from Belfast to Ballymena. The affair took place near the Sandy Braes, between Connor and Parkgate. It was after they had left Slemish, and there were about thirty of the United Irishmen together, when they saw the five soldiers coming, who, however, did not see them. Dickson asked them what they would think if he were to go forward to them alone, and make them all lay down their arms. They endeavoured to dissuade him from the rash enterprise; but go he would, and go he did. The first man he met was the sergeant, whose sword he seized with one hand, and with the other presented at his head a loaded blunderbuss, which he always carried in his breast, saying that he would blow his brains out if he did not order his men to lay down their arms, which he did, and the men obeyed. The soldiers, disarmed, were allowed to proceed to Ballymena, and the arms which had been taken from them were given in charge to some woman, but Burns, who was of the party, does not know what became of them. Dickson was afterwards

hanged, and the heads of him, Dickey, Story, and M'Cracken were all stuck up together in Belfast. The rope broke with him, as he was a large, heavy man, and he alighted on his feet saying, "My life's my own;" but they put him up again and finished him. A song was made about him, which old Burns has promised to try and get for me. A part of it represents the soldiers as saying, when he was brought out to be hung, "Here is the man who made us all halt." A Mr. Brown, who lived in those days down the Kells Water, had got a party of three or four soldiers out of Belfast to protect his house; but Dickson called on him and told him that he might dismiss his guard, for that not a hair of his head would be injured.

William Murphy, from Armagh, an artillery man, deserted from the corps about two years before the turn-out, and brought his arms with him. He took up his quarters for a time in the house of Henry Clements, at the Headwood, in Kilwaughter, where he wrought at his trade as a weaver; but was at length apprehended on the information given by *old Devenny*, Father Devenny, through his mother; but old Devenny, whom I (C.P.) knew, got the money. Finally, William Murphy, along with Tom M Comb, of Ballyeaston; Dan. Durley, James Cuff, from up the country; and David Spear, from Ballyeaston, were transported to the West Indies, for giving ammunition out of the Castle of Carrickfergus to the country-people before the "turn-out." (James Burns Sept. 5, 1863), who also repeated to me the following

SONG ON WILLIAM MURPHY.

I'll tell you of a hero who deserted from the train;
And an equal to that hero you'll never find again.
He would not have deserted, but he could not endure
To hunt these men from house to house, to stow them in secure,
Locked up in filthy dungeons, and not for any crime—
All by these cursed perjurers, that swear for sake of coin.

While he was a deserter, he minds his linen trade ;
He was an honour to that place where he did earn his bread.
At length to Ballyboley it was his lot to go—
Though an honour to that country, it fell out to his woe.
Fourteen of Carrick's invalids they came out in the night,
Surrounded Harry Clement's, and put them in a fright,
And took this noble hero, and hauled him away ;
So woe be to the traitor who did his life betray.
They marched him to Ballynure, and likewise to the Straid,
Where numbers of his countrymen came flocking to his aid.
And there they would have rescued him—but he would not agree ;
He says, "My boys, don't lose your lives for the love you bear to me,
I am but one ; when I am gone, I hope my trouble's o'er ;
And if you should deliver me, 'twould peril many more.
Besides, they would blow up your town, and leave it like a plain,
And great would be the damage your country would sustain."
They marched him in to Carrick, in the guard-house there he lay,
Confined in stinking dungeon, without the light of day ;
And fed on bread and water—his diet it was so ;
All by these cruel officers, who would no mercy show.
They marched him in to Belfast, in the guard-house he lay bound,
Where all these cruel officers brave Murphy did surround.
They offered him a captain's post, aye, and a captain's pay ;
They offered him a colonel's post, his country to betray.
"Death before dishonour," did William Murphy cry,
"Before I lose my precious soul, I for the truth will die."
It was by a Court-Martial this hero they did try,
And by his false accusers he was condemned to die.
At length, the 1000 (!) lashes he was for to sustain—
'Twas more than double punishment for any in the crime !
When they took him from the guard-house to the halberts he was bound,
Where all those cruel officers brave Murphy did surround.
Besides there were ten drummers stripped in a line did stand
To flog this noble hero, as Barber gave command.
There being one among the rest to him did mercy shew,
For which the tyrant Barber gave him a deadly blow,
And sixty-seven lashes he was to receive besides.
"You are no man, nor soldier," brave William Murphy cries.
When they loosed him from the halberts, to his brethren he gave charge
To fetch his corpse to Ballynure, to lie in that churchyard.
And if his corpse by chance to Ballynure should come,
There's ne'er a corpse in all that place should have a richer tomb.
The noble doctors of Belfast, they humbly then did crave
To cure bold Murphy of his wounds ; at length they gave them leave,

And now these learned doctors are using all their skill,
Lest the military surgeons of him should get their will.
And now, my noble Murphy, of you I'll drop my pen,
To see what will become of you, or what will be your end.
But if noble Belfast town had but obtained its will,
There was no such hero in it had been used ill.
So all ye cruel officers, in the land where'er ye be,
Don't tyrannize like Barber over your company.
Your life it won't for ever last, and when your days are done,
So as you give the same you'll get, whene'er your glass is run.
My curse upon you, Barber, and likewise on M'Cone,
Who swore him a deserter, although to him unknown;
'Twas for the sake of one guinea he swore his life away,
But I hope he'll be rewarded upon his dying day.

A Larne Story of '98.

Very shortly before the Rebellion broke out, and when everyone knew that it was about to break out very soon, the people of Larne of a respectable position frequented, as usual, a convivial meeting, called "The Scramble," which was held occasionally in a public room, for the purpose of dancing and other similar amusements. At a council of the United Irishmen, held in the "Green Room" (as they called it), near the Cold-well, it had been determined to shoot Dr. Casement, on account of his having been on the jury which found William Orr* guilty. Some friend told Mr. Malcolm M'Neill, of the Corran, what was intended for the Doctor, who was married to his sister. Mr. M'Neill went to "The Scramble" as usual, and, on coming out, contrived to put Dr. Casement on his guard, who, by his assistance, was sent out of the country for some time, until the vengeance of the United Irishmen died out.

* See Appendix B.

Ballads of '98.

A FEW LINES OF A PATRIOTIC SONG WRITTEN ABOUT '98 BY THE LATE REV. A. DUNLOP, OF STRABANE.

As repeated to me at Ballymoney, Aug. 25, 1866, *by Mr. Dunlop's only surviving child, Mrs. Torbitt.*

Long had Hibernia's warlike sons in strife inglorious bled,
And long from her discordant Isle had injured freedom fled ;
At length her genius from above descending stood confessed,
And thus in bold persuasive voice the listening realm addressed—
"Unite, my warlike sons, unite, and yet be free,
Unite, and from oppression's chains you'll gain your liberty."

(cetera desunt.)

Some rustic poet named M'Kay (R.C.) made a song on the Rebellion, one verse of which goes to show that some Presbyterian had command, and an eye to the safety of his own peop'e, when arranging the troops for an attack on Glenarm Castle.

Treachery, treachery, damnable treachery !
Put the poor Catholics all in the front,
The Protestants next was the way they were fixed,
And the black-mouthed Dissenters they skulked at the rump.

Defenders' Song.

Author unknown. James Burns repeated it to me, Sept. 5, 1863.—C. P.

Awake, ye sons of liberty, awake out of your slumber ;
When freedom it does on you call, you have no time to ponder.
With heart and voice make it your choice, to embrace that happy hour,
When Grany's* sons lift up their guns, to oppose the tools of power.
Our cause is just, we shall and must, will fight and not surrender,
Will plant the tree of liberty by united bold defender.

In America the seed was sown, and it grew to great perfection ;
In France you see it won't be curbed by wars or insurrection.
So these brave heroes set to sea,† ne'er fearing death nor danger,
And the first part that they came to, to it they were no stranger.
Our cause is just, &c., &c.

Servants to servants we have been, both lessened and degraded,
And to maintain the rights of man through fields of blood we've waded ;
From pole to pole our bullets told, and never were affrighted,
No glittering steel could make us yield, since we became united.
Our cause is just, &c., &c.

Come, fill your glasses to the brim, and let us still be drinking ;
Since it is treason for to sing, we can't be hanged for thinking.
The green and white will stand upright, triumphant round our shore,
And the harp and shamrock will unite, when tyrants are no more.
Our cause is just, &c., &c.

M'Cracken's Ghost or Henry's Ghost.

A song made by James Hope (Belfast) and James Orr (Ballycarry), after his return from America.

Taken down almost verbatim—only a few alterations, from the lips of an old Croppy, James Burns, now aged 91 years, who was on Slemish with M'Cracken and about sixty other United Irishmen. (June 24, 1863.—C.P.)

It was night when the moon gilt the clouds of the east,
When the slave and the tyrant lay equal at rest.
No sound shook the air but the floods from afar,
In nature nought moved but the quick shooting star.

* Grany-wal. † Landing of the French at Killala.

Persecuted, pursued by the servants of power,
I stole from my cot at the still midnight hour—
When Henry's ghost [met] me, in green garments clad,
He smiled and addressed me, whilst I shook with dread.

"Fear nothing," he said, "though my visage be wan,
It was I lately fell for the dear rights of man ;
I have witnessed your grief, though the green isle lies low,
Her wrecks and her robberies, her wants and her woe.
While *Story** lay martyred, and *Dickey*† lay dead,
And the hands of oppressors on spires‡ placed their heads,
Their spirits in glory triumphed to the skies,
And proclaimed through the air that the Croppies would rise.

Variation of last four lines.

"When Story asked mercy, the Guards shook their heads,
But when Dickey called 'vigilance,' the sentinels fled,
And declared to their chiefs they were forced to retire,
For the heads called for vengeance aloud from the spire.

"The time is at hand when the heads of the slaves
Will be took (*sic*) from the spears to make room for the knaves,
The wanderers in glory then home shall return,
The 'tender'§ shall sink, and the prisons shall burn.
Your sons shall be eased of their taxes and tithes,
And our brethren in peace turn their swords into scythes.
False England's sons shall their injustice deplore ;
The Green Isle shall be happy when time is no more !

"Arm, my countrymen, arm, and with courage take the field,
That Reform which they never would peacefully yield ;
Overturn the base bands who the poor cut and carve,
And drink the brave blood which they're paid to preserve.
Your Synods have sold you ; so now to your swords ;
Write the Grand Public Will on the false-hearted Lords.
Tell your clergy and hirelings, all could be dumb,
If the Devil was dead, and the King overcome.

* John Storey, of Island Bawn, Dunadry, printer of the "Northern Star," executed at Belfast, and his head placed on the Market-house, June 20, 1798.

† James Dickey, an attorney in Crumlin, executed likewise at Belfast.

‡ Spikes must be meant.

§ Prison ship which lay at Garmoyle, in Belfast Lough.

"By all that have fallen, and all that have fled,
By Teeling* that hung. and Fitzgerald† that bled,
By each pain of your body, and grief of your mind,
Are our countrymen armed to give peace to mankind.
The Spirit who fell for the Cause of Reform
Will lean from the clouds when the battle grows warm,
Will speed terror and fright through the grey ranks ;
Yes, you've freed the green Isle, and receive the world's thanks."

Henry Joy M'Cracken, of Belfast, was a great leader in '98. Burns, the old Croppy, called him "a simple man, with no devilishness in him" He says M'Cracken was not at the fight in Antrim at all, but stayed outside the town, with Sam. Orr, T. B. Adair (of Leighenmohr, a Loyalist), and some 15,000 men who never entered Antrim at all, but went to Donegore. But old Malcolm Fleming, of the Nursery, Larne, told me that he saw him riding in, dressed with green sashes, and very soon saw him coming out again, with his arm wounded. After the fight. he lay for a while in Slemish, where, with the point of his sword, he began at the bottom of the hill a little hole, which he gradually increased with prodding until it became a well, and is now called "M'Cracken's Well." He was one of the "Fifty Pounders," as old Burns called them — *i.e.*, the men on whose heads were offered £50 — and was eventually hung in Belfast. His sister‡ accompanied him to the scaffold, and I believe she is still living in Belfast (1863).

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

* Bartholomew Teeling, executed in Dublin, 1798.

† Lord Edward Fitzgerald was concealed for a month in a thatched cottage in Frederick Street, opposite the Belfast Royal Hospital, before his return to Dublin and arrest by Sirr.

‡ An old lady of 105 (1893) saw the execution, and says that his sister bribed the hangman not to hang him outright. On getting the body two doctors partially resuscitated it, but the sight of a soldier at the window of the outhouse made them desist. Mr. C. Aitchison, J.P., Loanhead, N.B., a connection by marriage, has many interesting family papers, &c. See Appendix D.

M'Cracken had an excellent "pass," and would have escaped, but for a man called Niblock, who had come from Co. Down and settled in Ballycarry, where he joined the yeomanry. He knew M'Cracken, having bought muslin goods from him when he (Niblock) was a pedlar, and said to him, "Mr. M'Cracken, you have changed your name since I knew you." He got only £12 out of the £50, the rest being divided amongst the corps which was commanded by Captain Ellis.

A Croppy Song—The Sheepfold.

Author unknown.

The words taken down by me, Classon Porter, from the dictation of old James Burns, July 27, 1863.

Whilst tyrants grasp with greedy aim
At aggrandizement, wealth, and fame,
That empty bauble of a name,
To please their vain ambition ;
Should all the rogues on earth combine,
And all the sons of darkness join,
To aid them in their black design,
We'll scorn their opposition.

Too long the galley yoke was borne
In midnight darkness long forlorn,
But now the lark proclaims the morn,
The eastern skies do brighten ;
When reason's light with splendid ray
Dark prejudice did drive away,
And kindly usher'd in the day,
And mankind doth enlighten.

The splendid ornaments of state
Have fallen into disgrace of late,
Tyrants begin to meet their fate
Which they so well deserved.
They're hasting to that ancient place,
Where dwells the old tyrannic race ;
They'll meet their Maker face to face,
Which they so long deserved.

The sons of Freedom, we aspire
The rights of man for to require ;
From that pursuit we'll ne'er retire,
Until we get possession (permission ?)
To seize the wolf in sheep's array,
Who led the simple flock astray,
And made of them an early prey,
By an eternal (?) division.

By an inspired sage of old,
In Holy Scripture, we are told
That all men shall be one sheepfold,
And under one Great Master.
Proud and imperious must he be,
That tries to frustrate Heaven's decree ;
In spite of all base tyrants, we
Will strive to haste it faster.

Until the Lion, Ox, and Bear,
The Wolves and Lambs, like comrades dear,
Shall feed together without fear,
And none shall hurt his neighbour.

Song made upon David Woods, of Connor, who was hanged at Doagh after the Rebellion. He was caught by Charles Renby, who belonged to Ballyhartfield, but lived at Templepatrick ; and convicted on the evidence of two women, Sally Commins and Jane Crymble, both of whom belonged to the King's Moss. The writer not known. Words taken down by Mr. Classon Porter from the lips of James Burns, September 5th, 1863.

Oh Ireland ! thy dwellings in times are spread :
All worth from thy borders is fallen and fled—
And Woods too has fallen, his courage and truth
Brought his neck to the rope in the bloom of his youth.
Oh Ireland, dear Ireland, thy wrongs pierce my heart !
When will perjury and blood from your borders depart ?
If your foes escape judgment, it will surely be strange,
When your widows and orphans cry out for revenge !
My pen is but feeble, or could I command
The voice of an angel or Solomon grand,
I would say to my country that now bleeding lies—
" Blood for blood, men of Ireland, awake and arise ! "

Ye lovers of union in Connor, behold,
The scenes of his youth, where he thought to grow old.
As ye walk the Shore Road, leading into Belfast,
Pause and sigh at the place where the Yoes* held him fast.
As you're walking through Doagh, shed a tear at the place
Where he mounted the tree with a smile on his face.
In old Ballylinny his ashes now lie,
And his soul sings a grand song with Moses on high.
Lament him, young men ; strong, like you, was his arm ;
Lament him, young women, for fair was his form.
Through glens, groves, and valleys your David lament ;
He thought to have eased you of Tithe, Tax, and Rent.

Words of a Song made on the death of Rev. James Porter, of Greyabbey, Presbyterian Minister, who was hung at his own Meeting-house gate ; taken down almost verbatim by me, Classon Porter, of Larne, June 24, 1863, from the lips of James Burns, an "old Croppy."

Author unknown. Air—"The Wounded Hussar."

It was midnight alone, at the Bastille's dark window,
Whilst a mournful patriot languishing sat ;
Who felt all the woes of his poor shackled nation—
Who fought all her battles, and shared the same fate.
Loud blew the south winds o'er the dark silent plains,
Whilst he to the breeze told his sad tale of woe :
"When to-morrow's bright sun his meridian attains,
You may view my cold corpse when my body lies low.

"When Erin's brave sons made an offer for freedom,
Like them I was ready to die in the cause.
I was known to be brave—I was chosen to lead them ;
My thoughts were to conquer, and gain just applause.
We fought—we were beaten, and I was betrayed,
By a much valued friend I was sold to the foe ;
Like Judas, that false one—I ne'er will upbraid.
You may view my cold corpse when my body lies low.

"I was tried, I was cast—hark ! I hear the cocks crowing,
Which ofttimes awaked me to taste new delight ;
Mark the tears on my breast, whilst my heart-strings are flowing :
My soul to the regions will soon take its flight.

* A contraction for "Yeomanry," commonly used at the time.

The moment drew near when the hero complained,
He was led from the dungeon, his heart's blood did flow.
Hibernia laments, for the laws were severe
Which doomed my first son in the grave to lie low.

"My father, ye powers—behold he's distracted,
His old hoary head to the grave must soon bend ;
Mark the tears on his breast, friend, behold every action ;
Here I die—before earth he has no other friend.
So, Ireland, farewell, ye sons that are true ;
And long may the scene of thy ancestors glow ;
May they yet be avenged on that merciless crew,
For my soul will rejoice when my body is low."

Respecting Rev. James Porter, the hero of the above song, I was told the following particulars by Mr. Andrew Stilly (of near Ballindrait, near Strabane), when I visited him in January, 1845. He was then a most intelligent old man, aged 80, and had been deeply implicated in the affairs of '98. Mr. Stilly told me that Mr. Porter (of Greyabbey) was born at a place called Tamna Wood, near Ballindrait ; and tradition says that one day, when he was young, he left his father's house, took a couple of his own shirts off the hedge as he passed, went away to push his fortune, and was never heard of by his parents until he was ordained minister of Greyabbey. He was tutor for a time at the house of a gentleman in Co. Down, and being a strikingly handsome man (as his portrait shows—of which a photographic copy was given me (1862) by his grandson, Mr. R. Henderson, of Belfast), one of the young ladies of the family fell in love with

him, to whom he was married by Dr. Black, of Derry. The lady's grandmother was present at the ceremony, and when it was over, said, "I wish you a great deal of happiness, but there are sma' signs o't." Mr. Porter was deeply implicated in the Rebellion. Shortly before '98 he travelled over Ulster, nominally delivering lectures on Natural Philosophy,* but really swearing in United Irishmen. He visited Larne, where he preached in Mr. Worrall's pulpit (now mine), and old Mrs. Rowan (of Larne) often told me that she remembered his text: "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and contention therewith." He was the author of "Billy Bluff;"† and Mr. Stilly told me that he also saw with Mr. Porter, in MS., the original words of "Erin Go Bragh," "Green were the fields where my forefathers strayed, oh!" which song has latterly been claimed by the descendants of a man named Reynolds, who indeed have made a similar claim to Campbell's "Exile of Erin." (Mr. Stilly further told me, that when *Newell,*‡ the informer, incurred the suspicion of the United Irishmen, two of their number were appointed to "deal with him;" that these two were Rev. James Porter, of Greyabbey, and Rev. W. Steele Dickson; that they took him out to walk on the Whitehouse sands, near Belfast; that he was never heard of more; and Mr. Stilly believed that Newell was then and there strangled by the two men above named, and buried in the sands.) With reference to this latter circumstance, I must mention that *James Burns*, an "old Croppy," [now (in 1863) 91 years of age, and also well informed about '98], gives a different account of Newell's fate. Burns says that Newell was

* The *Northern Star*, Jan. 7, 1796, contains an advertisement of his lectures in Belfast.

† "Billy Bluff and Squire Firebrand; or, a Sample of the Times." Belfast. Printed at the Star Press, 1796.—This famous satire first appeared in the *Northern Star*, in the year 1796, in the form of five letters, signed "A Presbyterian."

‡ Newell's grave can be seen near Templepatrick. His portrait forms the frontispiece of "The Apostacy of Newell," London, 1798.

shot near the Holestone, adjacent to the house of a man called Hughey M'Quiston. At least he is sure there was a man shot there, and he was commonly thought to be Newell. One of Mr. Porter's sons became Judge Porter, of America. When he was about fourteen years of age, he carried a stand of colours (said Mr. Stilly) at the battle of Ballynahinch, and behaved very manfully, holding up the colours to the last, after they were riddled with balls. He took refuge after '98 with Mr. Stilly, my informant, and going one day into the village of Ballindrait, he was recognised by a man called Lavelle, belonging to the Armagh Militia, who had seen him at Ballynahinch; and shortly afterwards he left the country.

The late Mr. Alexander Porter Gowdy, of Strabane, was a grandson of Mr. Porter's, of Greyabbey.

Mr. Porter was hung, as above stated, at his own Meeting-house gate. He is said to have gone laughing to his execution, and, being offered by the hangman a cap to put on his head, he said jocularly he had one of his own. He was accompanied in the carriage to the place of execution by a Miss Jamieson, probably some relative or connection.*

WATTY GRIMES,† 1798.

In the year ninety-eight, on the 7th of June,
A party of rebels belonging to Toome,
Assembled together—as plain you shall see—
Which brought on themselves sad misery.

O William M'Keever, it's you that's to blame,
For you are the cause of my sorrow and shame;
You came to my bedside, as I do declare,
Saying, "Get up, Watty Grimes, and show what you are;

* "The Rev. James Porter, dissenting minister of Greyabbey, found guilty, also sentenced to be executed on the 2nd, which was put in execution yesterday at the rear of his own Meeting-house at Greyabbey; head not severed."—*Belfast News-Letter*, July 3rd, 1798. For a fuller account of Mr. Porter, consult Latimer's *History of the Irish Presbyterians*, Belfast, 1893. For works by him, see Anderson's Catalogue of Early Belfast Books. Mr. Lavens M. Ewart, J.P., M.R.I A., has a sermon entitled "Wind and Weather" preached at Greyabbey by Mr. Porter in 1797.

† This ballad and those following are from M'Skimmin's MSS.

"Get up, you bold traitor, and come into town,
Or in less than five minutes your house I'll pull down ;
For the County of Antrim I mean for to aid,
With two thousand brave heroes, all on the parade.

"We spent the whole night with the Bottle and glass ;
When daylight appeared they began to disperse—
Like cowardly villians they took to their heels,
But far better for me I had died on the field.

"Then I took my journey where I was not known,
And quickly departed into Innishown ;
But I was soon apprehended for being a strange man,
And taken I was on Magilligan Strand.

"Taken I was, and brought into Coleraine,
And there in cold irons for to remain,
Till a party of soldiers came from Maghera,
And they told Watty Grimes he's to die by the law.

"Farewell, wife and children, I bid you adieu,
Likewise my old parents who dwell by the Crew ;
I hope that none of you so cruel will be,
As to cast up to my children I died on a tree.

"First, when I became a United man,
I always befriended the United plan ;
To sit in Society I thought it no crime,
But it brought a bad end on poor Watty Grimes."

The Green Flag, 1798.

My name is Freedom new come o'er, a stranger to this nation,
The country I have searched round, to find a true relation ;
The people here are kind and true, to entertain a stranger,
But scarcely dare themselves avow, they are so exposed to danger.

SONG.

Come all ye loyal subjects bold,
Give ear to my relation ;
The truth to you I will unfold
About our Irish Nation.
Both Brogue and Bonnet has combined
To banish law and Gospel ;
Murder and plunder was their design :
They could not thrive nor prosper.

This hellish band, they did unite
To overturn the nation ;
Both Church and State they would pull down
Without our approbation.
But when they took this course in hand,
They could not think to prosper ;
For their dark deeds is (*sic*) come to light,
In spite of the Devil their master.

In Belfast town this plan was laid,
To show to us bad precepts ;
They strove their country's mind to change,
By printing rebel papers.
They did invent the STAR* to print,
To set forth seditious libels ;
Now they are all in jail, and can't find bail :
I'm sure they will hang for rebels.

Our clergy next they would pull down ;
They would neither pay tithes nor taxes :
Their pretended liberty to gain—
Their schemes were planned to vex us.
But should the French invade the land,
Their blood shall pay the ransome ;
Our Government and laws shall stand
In spite of the new Convention.

* The following note from Anderson's "History of the Linenhall Library" will explain this allusion :—"In Dr. R. R. Madden's account of Samuel Neilson, Editor of the *Northern Star*, it is recorded that, on the occasion of the arrest of the proprietor in 1796, Neilson went into the Public Library belonging to the Society for Promoting Knowledge, where Mr. Pollock and Lord Downshire were in pursuit of something, and gave himself into custody."

I am a loyal subject, brave
As any in this Nation ;
I do not fear their pikes nor spears,
Nor their great combination.
But if they dare attempt to rise,
We'll soon make them surrender,
And share the fate that rebels did
With Charley the Pretender.

SONG—PADDY'S REDRESS. 1796.

You natives of Ireland, that's sorely oppressed
With tithes, taxes, and hearth-money too ;
Sweet Tree of Liberty ! come, we will plant you,
And we are certain we ne'er will it rue.
For, like the Israelites, we are in bondage :
Such cruel oppressions we no longer can stand ;
As the word plainly tells us that Moses delivered
The Israelites with a Rod in his hand.

It's plain to be seen that our Nation is martyred
By a band of ruffians that's under the Crown ;
But like to proud Louis, we soon will them humble—
The Boys is (*sic*) a coming, will pull their pride down
Guillontine (*sic*) will soon give them a despatch :
Neither Judge nor jury we'll hold upon them.

Come, come, brave Frenchmen, and land in our Nation,
We are anxiously waiting until that you come ;
And we are ready, determined and steady,
The moment we hear the first tap of your drum.
Here are four millions of ga lant Republicans,
Able and willing to march and to fire ;
And to the world we have declared
Never to sheathe their swords
Till we get our desires.

Our tyrant oppressors, their time is near over :
The French Revolution does make our hearts glad ;
They beheaded their King, has a free Constitution,
Old Ireland will feed them on Liberty's bread.
God prosper the people, they are firmly united
In hopes that old Ireland will soon see the day,
When tyrants will fall by the pike or the musket ;
So screw on your pikes, boys, and let us away.

Origin of Orangemen.*

All you who is curious to know how Orangemen begun :
It was in the land of Egypt—from Moses first it sprung ;
It was in the land of Egypt, as you shall plainly see,
Where he received the word and sign an Orangeman to be.

By Moses instituted, all by the Lord's command,
And he received the secret of a worthy Orangeman ;
And from the house of bondage the Israelites did free,
And brought them to the promised land, as you shall plainly see.

The oppression of our brethren I must confess was great :
All by their cruel masters who urged on their fate ;
All the firstborn they were slain, throughout the Egyptian land,
Excepting those true Orangemen who formed out the plan.

For fear that greater trouble upon the land should fall,
They ordered us for to depart from them both great and small ;
With a pillar of fire in our front, and a cloud placed in the rear,
Until we come to Mizdal, where we encamped were.

The Israelites being on their march, Pharaoh he did pursue,
Thinking them for to bring back, and them for to subdue ;
But Moses with the Rod of God the waters did divide,
And marched them through in safety, being walled on every side.

Proud Pharaoh still pursuing, and keeping on his way,
Until they were surrounded in the middle of the sea ;
Then Moses stretched forth his arm, the sea returned again,
For following those brave Orangemen they perished in the main.

You Orangemen, throughout this land, wherever that you be,
Remember your Creator who once did set you free ;
For since the first Creation you were a chosen band—
Here's a health to each true subject and every Orangeman.

Song—Henry Munro.

Did you hear of the Battle of Ballynahinch ?
Where the Country assembled on their own defence ;
They assembled together, and away they did go,
Led on by two heroes, Clokey and Munro.

* This song is purely local, and has no connection with Orangeism proper. It refers to an Order variously described as Purple Marksman, Marksman or Marchman ; and the words indicate technical relationship to an older secret organisation which was not Orange. (Note kindly supplied by Mr. Richard Lilburn, Editor *Belfast News-Letter.*)

When General Nugent he came to the ground,
He pulled out his spy-glass and viewed them all round,
And acquainted his officers to let them know
That ammunition was short with Henry Munroe.

Then General Nugent he made an attack,
But his infantry and cavalry were beaten back ;
For the shot of his cannon did not make us go—
" Fight on, my brave heroes, fight on," said Munroe.

God bless Lord Moira, and long may he reign,
For many is the fight we had in his domain ;
And we fought them for four hours boldly to and fro,
But the country they fled and deceived Munroe.

His ammunition being expended he had to quit the field,
Much vexed at heart that he had for to yield ;
And as he was retreating a woman said to,
"Are you that young hero called General Munroe ?"

He gave her three guineas, saying, " It's all that I have,
And for the Lord's sake do not me deceive ;"
But when she got the money the Devil tempt her so,
She went to the cavalry—and taken was Munroe.

When the cavalry came they did him surround,
No means of escape was then to be found ;
May the Devil a place on the old jade bestow—
She betrayed and deceived brave Henry Munroe.

He was taken a prisoner unto Lisburn town,
And his head was put up at the sign of the Crown ;
But the heroes of Lisburn would not let it be so,
For they took down the head of brave Henry Munroe.

Young Teeling, seeing his country torn so,
He thought it no hardship to France for to go ;
And came to Killala, which proved his woe,
For he lost his life like young Henry Munroe.

Now for to conclude and finish my song,
I think that my country was all in the wrong,
In attacking the Government when their strength it was so ;
It caused many to die like brave Henry Munroe.

Now all you Defenders wherever you be,
I pray you give attention to my tragedy ;
Never trust your secrets wherever you go,
And I hope you'll remember the fate of Munroe.*

* In a collection of printed ballads formed by Dr. R. R. Madden, and now in the Belfast Free Library, another version of this song occurs.

*A List of such Ministers and Probationers of the Synod of Ulster as were executed, banished, imprisoned, or fled the Kingdom, for being concerned in the Rebellion of 1798.**

1. James Porter, Greyabbey ; executed at Greyabbey, July 2nd, 1798, for treason and acts of rebellion.

2. James Hull, Probationer ; executed at Kircubbin, Oct. 15, 1798.

3. James Townsend, Knockbracken and Greyabbey, Probationer; was second in command at the battle of Ballynahinch ; effected his escape to America.

4. William Warwick, Probationer ; effected his escape to America.

5. William Adair, Probationer ; a commander at the battle of Saintfield ; effected his escape to America.

6. Thomas L. Birch, Saintfield ; imprisoned for sedition. Preached to the Insurgents at Creevy Rocks on Sunday, the 10th of June, 1798 : his text was from Ezekiel—"Let every man come forth with his slaying weapon in his hand." He was apprehended soon after and tried by Court-Martial at Lisburn, but only found guilty of being at Creevy ; he obtained liberty to transport himself to America.

7. Samuel Barber,† Rathfriland ; confined in Belfast for some months in a Military Guard-house in the summer of 1798, charged with seditious practices.

8. David B. Warden, Probationer ; sentenced by a Court-Martial at Newtownards to be transported, but afterwards was permitted to transport himself to America.

9. Thomas Alexander, Cairncastle. In June and July, 1798, he was confined in a Military Guard-house in Carrickfergus ; on what charge is not known.

10. Adam Hill, Ballynure. Tried by Court-Martial for being a leader on Donegore Hill on the 7th June, 1798. He was only found guilty of being upon the hill. He was sentenced to be one year imprisoned, which time was afterwards greatly reduced. (Mr. Raphael, Ballyeaston, told me that Hill escaped because the soldier

* From M'Skimmin's MSS. † See Appendix C.

who was brought up to identify him, being a Presbyterian, did not wish to hang him, and said the man he saw at the hill was a fair featured man, but Hill was ugly. (Note of C P.)

11. Robert Atcheson, Glenarm ; was a commander of the Insurgents on Ballaire Hill, June 8th, 1798. He was tried in Belfast for treason and rebellion, but acquitted.

12. William S. Dickson, Portaferry ; was long confined, being charged with treasonable practices. He was one of the Rebel Adjutant-Generals for the County of Down.—See Teeling's *Personal Narrative.*

13. Sinclair Kelburne,* 3rd Congregation, Belfast ; several times imprisoned for seditious practices.

14. John Smith, Kilrea ; long imprisoned in Belfast and Carrickfergus Castle, charged with seditious practices.

15. John Glendy, Maghera, Co. of Derry ; accused of being a leader of the Insurgents on the 7th June, 1798 ; effected his escape to America.

16. —— Wallace, belonged to somewhere in the Co. of Derry or Tyrone ; was a Probationer, and long imprisoned in Belfast and in the prison-ship stationed in Garmoyle.

17. Robert Porter.

18. William Sinclair, Newtownards ; found guilty by a Court-Martial of treason and rebellion, and sentenced to be transported, but afterwards permitted to transport himself to America.

19. James Connell, Probationer, Garvagh ; effected his escape to America.

1798, July 2nd, Rev. Robert Gowdie, Dunover, executed at Newtownards.

In June, 1798, a Presbyterian Clergyman of the name of Thompson was tried at Newtownards for treason and rebellion, and, we believe, acquitted.

Presbytery of Antrim.

1. James Simpson, Newtownards ; found guilty by a Court-Martial of treason and rebellion, and sentenced to be transported, but afterwards permitted to transport himself to America.

2. Futt Marshall, Ballyclare ; was on Donegore Hill with the Rebels on the 7th June, 1798, but on their defeat at Antrim he retired home.

3. James Worrell, Larne ; confined for some time in Carrickfergus.

* When commanded to pray for George III. he delayed as long as he could, and then prayed : "O Lord, if it be possible, have mercy on the king." (See Appendix E.)

Anecdotes from Antrim.*

AS an illustration of the manner in which the wounded and the dead insurgents were buried together after the battle, Mr. Samuel Skelton (Lord Massareene's agent) used to tell the following incident, which he witnessed himself. The place of interment was at the side of Lough Neagh where the river comes in, as the ground was sandy and easily trenched. The dead were brought down, heaped on carts, by way of the little village of Massareene, and as one approached with its ghastly load, the driver seated on the top was asked by the yeomanry officer commanding the burying party, "Where the devil did these rascals come from?" A poor wretch raised his gory head from the cart and feebly answered, "I come frae Ballyboley." He was buried with the others.

For years afterwards the school-boys made a practice of gathering lead bullets in the fields about Antrim, and sold them when a sufficient quantity was collected. Pikes were often found concealed in the thatch or in drains, but they have now become very scarce, as they were converted to peaceful purposes, the long oak shafts forming capital rungs for ladders.

"Ekey" V——, a saddler, and a yeoman in '98, had many stories of the fight, where he candidly confessed

* Collected from relatives of the Editor.

he was the first man of his troop to reach the *inner* and safe side of the Castle garden wall, when the yeomanry fled from the onslaught of the pikes.

When the artillery soldiers left their guns in the street and retreated after the yeomen, Peg Gordon, a huge masculine beggar-woman and a strong loyalist, on the offer of a large reward, rushed to the two cannons, and, catching a fast grip of the muzzle, actually drew them from the churchyard to the Castle garden gate, escaping unhurt. In after years she was often despatched by the magistrates with deserted children, walking the whole distance to Dublin to deposit them in the basket at the Foundling Hospital.

A trooper who had been shot was taken to the Market-house, where his faithful steed followed him, climbing up a long flight of stone steps that led to the Court-room where he lay.

Lord O'Neill was very popular with the country people. When he heard of the outbreak at Antrim, he mounted his horse at Shane's Castle and rode off, saying he would soon quiet them. He was standing at Dr. Bryson's door, which had been shut in his face as he came from the Market-house, when a rebel (tradition says his name was Coleman) stabbed him with his pike. He lingered for some days in great agony. His son could never bear the sight of Antrim afterwards, and never stopped there, always driving through it at full gallop.

The yeomen went out to meet the insurgents from Toome, headed by Samuel Orr, who had advanced as far as the entrance to Bow Lane, opposite the present R.C. church; but both sides beat a retreat when they came in sight of each other. "They ran and we ran, and they all ran away."

The head inn at Antrim was kept by Mrs. Forbes, and the yeomanry sacked the house, carrying out the stock of hams and hung beef, till in despair she went up

to the General, who occupied one of the rooms, and he at once gave her a letter of protection, which saved the rest of her property from injury.

Hugh Swan, of Islandreagh (whose three handsome daughters married Rev. Dr. Montgomery, Rev. John Carley, and George Ash), was a loyalist, but his wife sympathised with the United Irishmen, secretly carrying them provisions and bandages to the Moat at Donegore, about two miles off. After their defeat at Antrim, one of the leaders took refuge in her house, and she was successful in concealing him for a considerable time, till he finally escaped from the country.

The way that the spy who informed on William Orr* and his friends got their names was as follows:—They met at a public-house in Antrim, and the owner of it agreed to put him into a large old-fashioned eight-day clock case which stood in the room. When the roll was called, one of the men present was Molyneux, a baker. He was the only man not arrested, as the informer could not recollect his name. In after years Molyneux was always considered a "suspect" by his neighbours.

Before Orr was arrested he was aware that the military were on the look-out for him, and he used to sleep at a neighbour's, called "Counsellor" Fleming (a Covenanter). However, one night he suffered so much from rheumatism in his arm that he insisted on going over to his own house to get his wife to rub it. Fleming tried hard to persuade him not to go, but he went, and was taken that night.

S. Skelton said that a lady offered James Moore, sub-sheriff, Clover Hill, Killead, £1,000 if she were allowed to get a juryman put on the jury to try Orr, but he refused.

Mrs. Rea, of Magheramorne, used to tell that on the day of the battle of Antrim one of the rebels called for her husband to accompany him there. As she was

* For an account of his execution, &c., see Appendix B.

putting up some bread and cheese for Mr. Rea, the other said there was no need for this, as they would have plenty of the best of everything at Antrim. However, after the fight, when the fugitives were making their way homewards, the same man came up to Mr. Rea and piteously begged for a little of the bread which he had so scornfully spoken of in the morning, as he was almost dead with hunger and exhaustion.*

"The Three Sisters" of Gallows Green.

Mr. John Coates, J.P., late Secretary to Antrim Grand Jury, remembers the old gallows at the Gallows Green, Carrickfergus. It used to be called "The Three Sisters," from the fact that it was constructed with three columns of stone, each about three feet in diameter and eighteen feet high, set in a triangle, with the fatal beams, three in number, resting on the top. He has seen three bodies hanging on the gallows at once, one from each beam. His father, who was also the Secretary to the Grand Jury, got the presentment passed which removed the old gallows when the patent drop was put up at the County gaol in Carrickfergus. The old materials were sold by auction, and the beams, which were of unpainted wood, realised good prices. The *modus operandi* was as follows:—On leaving the gaol, the cart, of the old two-solid-wheel kind, with the coffin cross-ways on it, went first, with the hangman; then the condemned walked behind, and on each side a file of soldiers, fully armed.

When the cart was drawn under the fatal beam, the prisoner stood on it with the clergyman, who prayed with him till the hangman put the noose over his head, pulled the cap down on his face, and gave the signal to withdraw the cart. At one execution a man was suspended so low that his foot touched the ground. A

* Told by Mrs. Rea's grand-daughter, Mrs. Colville, to Miss Carruthers, Belfast.

soldier stepped forward and caught up the limb, so as to let him choke comfortably. He was ever after called the "hangman."

On one occasion the boys were rushing along the hedges so as to get near the scaffold for a good view, when the criminal shouted to them, "Boys, you need not be in such a hurry; there can be no fun till I come." The condemned were always wrapped in their winding-sheet. Mr. Coates remembers seeing one man who, when the cart was withdrawn, as he fell hurt his leg against its edge, with the result that the blood poured over his white dress, and the women raised a piteous shriek.

ARMS OF BELFAST.

County Down Incidents of '98.

THE "ARDS," with its peculiar dialect, is rich in anecdotes. Two unsophisticated patriots, native and to the manner born of the Ards district, County Down, found themselves, possibly somewhat against their inclination, in the thick of the fight at Ballynahinch. They had been supplied with muskets and ammunition, and formed part of a company of the "rebels" that was posted in a line of ditch under cover of a thorn hedge. They received instructions to blaze away at the "red-coats" whenever they had an opportunity, and kill and destroy as many of the king's troops as they could manage to hit. After some hours' employment in this laudable vocation, they began to suspect that, as one of them remarked, "things was not goin' handy for them;" and an uncertain trumpet-sound falling on their affrighted ears, the other whispered to his comrade—"That's the *ratrate* sounding." "If it is," returned his friend, "it's time we were out of this." And accordingly, flinging away their firelocks. the two set off, running as quickly as nimble feet impelled by coward fear could carry them, and never halted till the friendly shelter of their native Ards was gained. "By my saul," exclaimed the first who had acquired sufficient breath to utter an intelligible sound, "'gin they dinna ca' that a *ratrate*, they may gang to h—l for ane." (Kindly communicated by Mr. W. H. Malcolm, Holywood.)

The grandfather of Mr. James O'Neill, M.A., Belfast, told him that on one occasion, going to Crossgar fair with an acquaintance, the latter pointed to a bog not far from the town and said—"I saw a bloody piece of work done there in '98. I saw a handsome young girl carrying a jug of buttermilk to the rebels. Three yeomen galloped after her as she fled on their approach to the bog for safety. They succeeded in reaching her, and cut her in pieces with their swords. Her cruel death had been witnessed by three pikemen on the hill above, who awaited the onslaught of the horsemen with their backs to a dry stone ditch. With the curved blade fixed at the side of their pike-heads they cut the horses' bridles, and soon had the yeomen sprawling on the ground at their mercy. They pled hard for their lives, but were told that there was 'no quarter for cowards that would kill a helpless woman.'"

Brutality seems to have been common amongst the yeomen. On one occasion a farmer was ordered to bring food for the commander of the troop and his men, which he did. After enjoying the cream, bread, and cheese, he brutally shot his host, and ordered his wife to bring him in.

For a long time after the Rebellion a witty question was asked of ladies who wished to be thought young—What age were you at "the Hurries"?

A yeoman placed in a dry ditch at Ballynahinch was observed by his captain to fire but seldom, who went up to him and said, "Tom, why don't you blaze away?" "Captain, dear," returned Tom, "I am waiting till I see three or four rebels together, and then I can't miss."

Some time before the "turn-out" at Ballynahinch, a farmer boasted loudly of the desperate havoc he would make with his old blunderbuss, with which he often effected much execution along the hedgerows. On the eve of the fight, some friends came to his house and asked him to join their ranks, as he would be a great

acquisition. "Weel, neebors," said he, "I am thinkin' to stay at hame for the present. There is a wheen o' birds aboot that will take all my shooting."

When the rebels were lying in ambush, waiting for the Royal troops to come up to Saintfield,* one of them, seeing the Rev. Mr. Mortimer, Portaferry, amongst the soldiers, could not resist the temptation, and, raising his piece, shot him dead His was the first blood shed, and it is said that if he had not been shot the military would have advanced further into the ambush, and their defeat have been more decisive.

In the engagement at Saintfield, an insurgent captain noticed that one of his men seemed to reserve his fire, which he delivered now and then in a highly deliberate manner. On being reproved for his slowness, he replied: "I like to wait till there are twa or three in a raw."

A half-witted local character, known as "My Lord Roney," was captured at Saintfield, and taken to "M'Comb's Corner," with some other insurgents, for capital punishment. The English colonel in command, who prided himself on his humanity, informed the culprits that he would be glad to do any little service for them in the way of conveying their last wishes to their wives and children, or answering any question put to him. When half the condemned men were dispatched, the turn of "My Lord Roney" arrived, and the worthy officer asked him, as the rope was put round his neck, if he could do anything for him. "Colonel, dear," said the boy, "I want to ask you a question." "Certainly, my good fellow," courteously replied *the man of feeling.* "Plase, sorr, is a bumbee a burd or a baste?" asked his "Lordship." With an oath the colonel turned to his men: "How dare you take up an idiot like this! I shan't hang a man who is not responsible for what he

* At this engagement the British cavalry were driven back by a charge of pikemen, said to be the only occasion on record.

says." "My Lord Roney" was released, and adorned his native town for many years.

When Munro's division, beating down all opposition of the regular troops, stormed the town of Ballynahinch under a dreadful fire of musketry and grape, the British general ordered the retreat to be sounded. As the trumpet call was heard by the pikemen, it was mistaken for the signal to charge, and, thinking the enemy was heavily reinforced, they wavered, and sullenly retreated in a southerly direction, the Royal soldiers falling back to the north. As the Light Dragoons charged on the stubborn peasants, mangled as they were by a raking fire from the artillery of grape and case shot, they held their ground manfully, moving slowly back with heavy loss. Colonel Forde, who observed many of his own tenants dropping in the insurgent ranks, said to an officer riding at his side, "G—d d—n these stiff-necked Presbyterians, they *won't* run."*

Harry Munro and his Friends.†

Harry Munro was born at Lisburn in May, 1758. His father was a man of superior literary taste. The family consisted of a son and daughter, and both received very good educations. Harry, when in his fifteenth year, was taught linen-weaving—an art in high estimation, and in social life regarded as much above that of any other handicraft. As a member of the Episcopal Church, Harry was a regular attender of the Sunday services at the Cathedral, and was highly respected by the rector and his curate. He became a buyer of linen webs for the then leading bleachers, Hancock, of Lisburn, and M'Cance,‡ of Suffolk.

One of the most remarkable men of that age was James Hope, a linen weaver who resided in Peter's Hill.

* The three last stories were communicated by Mr. R. J. M'Mordie, Solicitor.

† Communicated by Mr. Hugh M'Call, Lisburn.

‡ Finlay M'Cance commanded an outpost at Ballynahinch, and only retired when all was lost, at the urgent appeal of Munro.

He had joined the company of Volunteers commanded by Colonel Banks, and after the first enrolment of the United Irishmen he became a member; but when the Utopian project of physical force was mooted, Hope seceded from the Society, and yet continued quite in the secret of all its movements. The late Mr. James Standfield—a gentleman of whom Belfast may well be proud, and whose memory is still regarded with respect and affection by the older citizens who lived in his day—frequently alluded to James Hope as one of the most dignified and honourable men he had ever known. About the period under notice, it was well known by the local authorities, as well as by those of Dublin Castle, that Hope could tell all about the arrangements of the United Irishmen. One evening an attorney called in to say he had matters of importance to communicate, and invited him to J. M'Dowell's public-house in North Street to have a drink. Thither they went, and after a second libation of rum the man of law opened the subject of his mission. He wished to get such private information as would lead to the arrest, on the charge of high treason, of certain merchants, and was prepared to give his guest a very handsome reward, at the same time counting over ten notes of the value of fifty pounds each.

Hope requested time to consider the proposal, saying he would meet his entertainer at eight o'clock next evening. Immediately afterwards he rushed to the private residences of Mr. William Tennent, Councillor Sampson, Samuel Neilson, and others noted in the attorney's list, warning them of their danger. Next evening he met the attorney, had much chat with him, and some refreshment, but declined taking any part as the informer against his fellow-workmen.

Harry Munro during the two years that followed the spring of 1796 had continued his adherence to the Society of United Irishmen. Neither on the part of the Cabinet that sat in Downing street, nor on that of the

Viceregal Governor of Dublin Castle, was any wish shown for the redress of Ireland's grievances. Spies and informers abounded in Belfast and Lisburn, keeping regular correspondence with Lord Castlereagh and the other authorities in Dublin. As has been shown, vast quantities of arms, as well as ammunition, had been collected by the Society throughout Ulster, and during the month of May, 1798, preparations were made to take the field. The member who had been appointed to lead the United men declined at nearly the last moment to act as commander, and on the night of Saturday, the 9th of June, a Belfast lawyer, the legal adviser of the Society, but who was said to be the paid *protégé* of Lord Castlereagh, called on Harry Munro at the latter's residence in Market Square, Lisburn. Munro had some years before married the handsome daughter of Robert Johnston, an extensive linen bleacher, who lived at Seymour Hill, Dunmurry. The attorney reported the refusal of the man who was appointed as commander to take charge of the National army, and said the only hope was that Harry Munro should accept the command. The enthusiast at once agreed. His wife set off to her father's place, and early on Monday the 11th, Munro, dressed in full uniform,* presented himself as chief to the army assembled at Edenavady, in the grounds of Lord Moira.

The battle of Ballynahinch has been so often and so well described by various writers that it need not again be attempted here; and Colonel Nugent, who led the principal part of the Royal army, has left it on record that no veteran that had seen service on many fields could have handled an undisciplined lot of men such as Munro had to command with greater ability than he did. The actual fight took place on Wednesday the

* "The chiefs of the rebels at Ballynahinch were dressed in green jackets, turned up with white or yellow, white vest, buckskin breeches, half boots, hats with white cock neck feathers, and green cockades."—*Belfast News-Letter.*

13th, and, as is well known, the insurgents were completely routed, and fled in all directions.* Munro gallantly tried to rally the remnant, but in vain, and at length he himself, worn out and fairly prostrated by fatigue and disappointment, retired from the scene of strife. Early on Thursday morning he reached a farm-house and sought shelter there. The owner paid the unfortunate rebel all the attention he could. He had refreshment prepared for him, after partaking of which he had a bed made in an outhouse, and secreted him there until Saturday morning, when, dreading vengeance for concealing an outlaw, he told him before daylight he must seek some other place of refuge. Munro set off and travelled to near Dromore, where he gave a man named Holmes some money he retained, and begged to be concealed for a few days until the Government offer of pardon to rebels who gave up arms should be issued.

Holmes took the money, promised to shelter the fugitive, but, instead of doing so, went to Hillsborough and told the yeomanry of having Munro concealed in an outhouse. A guard immediately accompanied him, and the unfortunate man was handcuffed, brought into Hillsborough, and thence to Lisburn, where he was placed in the temporary prison.† It was then late in the afternoon, and he was kept watched by soldiers till Monday forenoon, when he was brought before the court-martial that sat in Castle Street to be hanged and beheaded. As Munro was very popular in his native town, some difficulty occurred in finding a carpenter willing to erect a gallows, but at length one offered to do the work, and from out a window situated nearly opposite

* "It is now a common saying among the folk in the Ardes, County of Down, with that shrewdness for which our northerns are remarkable—that nobody will ever prevail on them to go *to catch cannon balls on the points of pikes and pitchforks again.*"—*Belfast News-Letter*, 29th June, 1798.

† Dr. Musgrave, a noted United Irishman, saved the life of the keeper's wife when given up by the Dublin doctors, and in gratitude for this service the political prisoners, including Musgrave himself, were treated with leniency. The Editor has a silver-mounted, double-barrelled pistol formerly used by Dr. Musgrave.

the condemned man's dwelling the dread structure was erected. At four o'clock Munro was brought out under a strong military guard. He begged to be allowed to go into the house of the rector, Dr Cupples, to receive the sacrament. The request was granted, and, after partaking of the sacred rite, the procession again commenced, and on reaching the place of execution, a wretched prisoner from the guard-house, with a black crape over his face, stood ready to perform the part of hangman. Munro stood at the foot of the gallows and sought leave from the officer of the guard to speak to a friend who lived near. Permission was granted, the friend was sent for, and the soldiers gracefully stood back during the short conference. Standing up firm and undismayed he said, "I have deserved better of my country," and after a short prayer stepped on to the ladder, and, as his hands were tied, he missed his footing, one of the rungs gave way, and he fell Rising up lightly, he said to the crowd, "I am not cowed, gentlemen." On the ladder being adjusted, he went up with the rope round his neck, the executioner turned the ladder, and in a few minutes all was over. Then came the horrid finale of beheading, which was done, the hangman holding up the severed head, and crying out, "There is the head of a traitor." Three other men were hanged in Lisburn—Dick Vincent, G. Crabbe,* and Tom Armstrong, who was found near the town with a United cockade concealed in the lining of his hat, and the words, "Remember Orr." He was tried, condemned, and executed two days before Munro met his fate. Very tragic, full of the chivalry of greatness, was an episode in the last hours of Armstrong. He knew many secrets of the United men, and was offered pardon if he informed on other leaders, and his wife was brought

* H. J. M'Cracken, 1798, sent a man called Crabbe to the South to tell the rising was commenced, and entrusted him with a written communication. He was taken to Lisburn, and ate his despatch. His hat was knocked off, and a green cockade found in it; he was hanged half-an-hour after. He refused to tell his name, message, whence or whither he was going. (Rev. Dr. R. J. Bryce's MS.)

to the guard-house in the hope that her entreaties would induce him to turn traitor. The poor woman cried bitterly, went on her knees, and begged of her husband to save his life, for the sake of her and their two children. Armstrong seemed agonised for some moments, but at length, drawing himself up to his full height, he cried out, "No, Mary, I will not save my life on such terms. Were I to do so, great numbers of wives would be left widows, and many children deprived of their chief protectors. I will leave only one widow and two children, and the God of the widow and the fatherless will take charge of them."

The heads of the four men that suffered were stuck on spikes, and were placed on each corner of the Lisburn Market-house. They remained there until August, when the sight became so revolting that they were taken down and buried.

ARMS OF THE ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.

EARL OF CHARLEMONT.

Harry Munro had attained to such military skill in the use of arms during the weekly parades of the Volunteers,* that, on the death of the veteran who had been drill

* The Volunteers were received on several occasions at Belfast by their Commander-in-Chief, the Earl of Charlemont, born in Dublin, 1728. He was elected first President of the Royal Irish Academy. founded in 1785 to direct the intellectual minds of the country after its long night of bondage.

sergeant for many years, he was appointed to that office, and in 1790 was raised to the rank of adjutant. Considerable bodies of military men encamped on Blaris Moor, and a great number of foot and horse soldiers were quartered in Lisburn for some time before the breaking out of the Rebellion in June, '98. On the morning of Wednesday* preceding the battle of Ballynahinch, Harry was told by one of his lieutenants that in the evenings many of the soldiers stationed in the Lisburn barracks were in the habit of getting drunk, and that if Munro marched a sufficient number of his men that afternoon into Lisburn he could force a surrender of the Royal army, seize their arms and the ammunition, and set fire to the town. The rebel general listened to the proposal, but his chivalrous sense of dignity overcame the old adage that "All's fair in love and war," and he replied, "We will not act the part of midnight assassins, but in the open day meet and, I trust, gain one victory for Ireland." A spy who, decked out as a milk-woman, and bearing cans of milk, which was sold to the rebels that were posted in Mr. Ker's demesne close to Ballynahinch, had heard of the proposal to storm Lisburn, but not of Munro's refusal to accede to it, made way into the latter-named town, and reported to the colonel in command. This was about seven o'clock in the evening. Of course, there was great commotion in military as well as civil circles. An order was issued that all lights and fires in the households of the inhabitants should be put out at nine o'clock, and, except the regular soldiers and local yeomanry, no one was to go out of doors after that hour. The Lisburn guard-house, situate at the Castle Street entrance to the cathedral, had in its dark recesses eight men, natives of the town, who had been sus-

* The late Dr. James Thomson, Professor of Mathematics in Belfast College, and afterwards in Glasgow University, father of Lord Kelvin (Sir Wm. Thomson, F.R.S.), was present in the rebel camp on the evening before the battle, and gave a vivid description of it in the *Belfast Magazine*, 1825.

pected of sympathy in favour of the United Irishmen, but were not actually members. Sergeant White, of the Lisburn Yeomanry, and half a-dozen of his men, were in charge of the prisoners, all of whom were townsmen of his own. About nine o'clock, when all was still and silent in the streets, the clatter of a horse's hoofs on the pavement was heard by the prisoners. The rider stopped at the door of the guard-house, called out Sergeant White, and had a short conversation with him, after which he clanked down the street towards the horse barracks. The prisoners, suspecting some dread news, knocked at the door of their cell, and begged of the sergeant to tell them what was the report. "It is a melancholy one," replied White; "the orderly was a dragoon. He said Harry Munro, with a large contingent of the rebel army, was expected to assail the troops in town. A sentinel had been placed at Bridge End, on the County Down side. A gun would be fired in Market Square to warn the loyal army of the assailants' approach; in which case," continued the sergeant, "our order is to put all prisoners to death."

As already stated, the report of Munro's assault on the town was erroneous; but the few hours of terrible suspense passed by the prisoners was a time of intense suffering quite indescribable.

The Axe that cut off Munro's Head.*

The story is that a rebel was pardoned on condition that he would execute Munro. The morning was wet, and the handle of the axe was so slippery, that the man said he could not hold it properly, so one of the dragoons who was in attendance pulled a piece of chamois out of his wallet and threw it to him. He wrapped it round the handle and used it, but the handle was broken by the force of the blow. The axe, handle and all, were put in the grave with the headless corpse, and on the

* From a letter of Mr. R. Nevin, Chrome Hill, Lisburn, to the Editor.

grave being opened recently the chamois was found sticking to the axe handle. Munro was a very active man, a great jumper and runner. He was often known to jump the locks of the Lagan Canal. Mr. Breakey, Ballibay, used to tell that one morning Munro, with other linen buyers, was leaving his house to take their horses for their usual journey to the next town. He came out to the hall-door, and, telling the groom to arrange them side by side, he sprang clear over the whole lot, landing safely on the other side.

Belfast under Martial Law.

Mr. Alexander Mackay, proprietor of *The Belfast News-Letter*, had occasion to go out one evening to see about an item of news that was to appear in his paper next day. He was unable to return till after eight o'clock, and on his way back was stopped by a picket of Keay Fencibles, who said—"You are our prisoner for the night; you must come with us to the guard-house." In vain he protested that the *News-Letter* could not appear the next morning without him, and what would his subscribers say? He was taken before the officer on duty for the night, who scrutinised him closely and asked him his name. "Sandy Mackay," was his reply, in a broad Scotch accent. The officer at once shook hands with him, saying, "How are you, brother?" and turning to his men, ordered—"This is a brother of ours; see him home to his office." So they escorted him back to the *News-Letter* office; and on the next day the colonel, who was George Mackay, of Bighouse, Sutherlandshire, called on him and recognised him as his cousin. He received a pass available at any time, was introduced to the officers' mess as a relative, and attended a military inspection the next day, where he was recognised by the soldiers, who gave three cheers for the colonel's cousin.*

* Kindly communicated by Miss Mackay, Fortwilliam, Belfast, granddaughter of Mr. A. Mackay, sen., for many years proprietor of *The Belfast News-Letter*.

In the summer of '98 a Belfast lady* was sitting in an upper room of her house in Waring Street, when a gentleman rushed up the stairs through the open hall door, and, entering the room she was in, begged to be hidden, for the soldiers were in pursuit of him. She pointed to a cupboard in the room, which he entered, and the head of the bed was scarcely pushed against it when the soldiers broke into the room, demanding where the rebel was concealed. They searched the house, but never thought of moving the bed, and he was concealed for some time in this confined situation till he effected his escape to America. Many years afterwards, a valuable jewelled ring was sent by him to the lady as a token of the regard in which he held the saver of his life.

The mother of the late George C. Hyndman had been visiting a sick friend, and, on returning in the evening, met the military guard, who arrested her, and had her *whipped*. The officers of the regiment, which was afterwards ordered to Jamaica, were blackballed at the club and shunned in society there, as their brutal conduct in Belfast was fully described by Mr. M'Clelland, a United Irishman who had taken refuge in the West Indies.†

There were two Macleans, brothers—Adam‡ and Francis. The former was treasurer of the United Irishmen, and when the troubles came, gave the money to Francis for safe keeping. When he returned to Ireland after affairs had settled down, all his applications to his brother to get back the cash were fruitless, as he refused to restore it unless compelled by process of law. Of course this could not be put in force.

"The Walking Gallows" was the nickname given to a yeoman (Hempstall?), tall and thin, but very muscular, who on several occasions hung rebels over his shoulders.

The cottage at the corner of Friar's Bush road and

* Wife of Mr. Alexander Black, grocer, Waring Street.

† Told by his daughter, Madame Fourn, still living in Paris, to Mrs. T. L'Estrange.

‡ The Editor has his silver snuff-box, made by T. M'Cabe, whose sign was, "Thomas M'Cabe, an Irish slave, licensed to sell gold and silver."

the Malone road was given by King William to a soldier. It was called the Murder House, from the fact that an English gentleman, who had £18,000 with him, disappeared one night suddenly, and was never found. It was conjectured that he had been decoyed into this house, which bore a bad reputation, and there murdered for his money. (Query—Was he considered as an emissary of the Government sent to employ informers?)

The following anecdote, although not relevant to '98, refers to a milestone close to the above house. Willy Johnston, one of the three Belfast bakers (*circa* 1800), had a "drouthy" man, who, threatened with dismissal, took the pledge that he would not drink unless at the milestone. One day, he and another crony put it on a cart, and brought it to the bakehouse in Mill Street, opposite King Street, and got gloriously drunk. He was reproached by his master for breaking his pledge; but he replied that he had got *elevated* in accordance with its terms, and showed him the milestone in the bakehouse.

The Escape of Campbell Sweeny.*

Campbell Sweeny, a drysalter, was confined in the Prevôt, at the rere of the Donegall Arms Inn. A servant girl, called Prevôt Mary, told him that if he could gain access to the closet he might get into the sewer, which communicated with the river in High Street, and thus escape. He was able to do so, and emerged in the backyard of Will Tennent's house, now the site of the Ulster Reform Club. He called out to a woman in the yard, and she told Dick Moore, the town sergeant, who was a friend of his. Dick got him dressed in the girl's clothes, and took him down High Street, where two heads were still exposed on the Market-house (did not know whose). Dick sang loudly, "Britannia rules the main" (*sic*), and when accosted by a yeoman said the uncouth female was from the country, and not up to town ways. He was

* As told the Editor by an old lady of 105, on 29th June, 1891.

safely got off to the vessel where Dick's son was a sailor, and never came back. The girl (Prevôt Mary) had to leave also.

All lights had to be put out at eight o'clock, p m., and one could not even go from the Linen Hall to Castle Street without being stopped and asked for their pass. A Scotch regiment stationed here in '98 (Tay Fencibles) had two pipers with them. They were considered a great curiosity in the town, as none had been seen before.

COPY OF PASS ISSUED BY THE MILITARY AT BELFAST.*

"Port Belfast.

"By Virtue of a Power vested in me by His Excellency the *Lord Lieutenant*, I do hereby permit *Robert Patterson, of Belfast, merchant, about Five feet 7 Inches High, Smooth face, fair Hair, aged Forty years; also, Mrs. Patterson, his Wife*, to pass from hence to the Port of Liverpool, in Great Britain, on their lawful occasions.

Given under my Hand and Seal, at Belfast, the *27*th Day of March, 1799.

"CHA. KINGTON, Col."

* In possession of Mr. W. H. Patterson, M.R.I.A.

APPENDIX A.

List of County Antrim Jurors, 1797, marked by the Crown—*a*, timid men; *b*, disaffected; *c*, bad in every sense of the word.

a William Martin.
a Thomas Lyons.
a James Campbell
a Alex. Ramadge.
a John Adams.
a Pat. Agnew.
a Henry Clarke.
b James Ferguson.
b Thomas Dickey.
b John Birney.
b Adam Dickey.
b W. Adams.
b John Gordon.
b Henry Bell.
b Malcolm M'Neill.
b Pat. M'Calley.
b Robt. M'Cormick.
c Richard Fulton.
b John M'Clure.
b John Magee.
c Robert Gamble.
b Val. Whitla.
b Alex. Davidson.
b Henry Shaw.
c Robert Black.
c Jas. Bones.

a John Smith.
a Thos. Turnley.
a Thos. Fergusson.
a Edw. Wakefield.
a Roger J. Smith.
a W. Montgomery.
b Edw. Jones Agnew.
b Hugh Warren.
b Alex. Brown.
b John Swan.
b James Dickey.
b John Spier.
b Adam Duffin.
b George Bell.
b Duncan Sweeney.
b John Hill.
b Wm. Boyd.
b John Palmer.
b Robert Sterling.
c John Boyle.
c John Calderwood.
b Fr. Whitla.
b James Moore.
b Thomas Caldwell.
c Hugh Hamill.
c Wm. Duffin.

a George Joy.
a Brice Wallace.
a John Fergusson.
a Wm. Cramsie.
a John Ravenscroft.
a James Edmonston.
b Hugh Crawford.
b John M'Kever.
b John Davison.
b Charles Dickey.
b Wm. Adams.
b James Davison.
b R. Adair Bell.
b George Hill.
b George Quinon.
b John Sharp.
c Adam Fulton.
b John Davison.
b Wm. Henry.
c John Boyd.
c John Dickie.
b Robt. Magee.
b Alexander Henry.
c James Farrel.
c Robert Major.
c Will. Tennent.

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* *Councillor Samfson's Appeal to the Public, 1798.*—Callwell Collection, Belfast Museum.

APPENDIX B.

WILLIAM ORR, of Farranshane, near Antrim, a wealthy farmer, was hung on 17th October, 1797, at Carrickfergus. Fitzpatrick, in his *Secret Service under Pitt*, says of him:—"This unfortunate person was arraigned at Carrickfergus in September, 1797, for having administered to a soldier named Wheatley the United Irishmen's oath. He was found guilty on evidence so glaringly bad, that Baron Yelverton, in sentencing him, sobbed. Most of the inhabitants left the town to mark their horror of the sacrifice. The conduct of the Irish Government was so reprobated, that at a public dinner in London, given in honour of Mr. Fox's birthday, in one of the rooms where the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Oxford, Mr. Erskine, Sir Francis Burdett, and Horne Tooke sat, two of the toasts were—'The memory of Orr—basely m——d——d. May the execution of Orr provide places for the Cabinet of St. James's at the Castle!'" At the place of execution the infantry were massed around the gallows, outside of them the cavalry kept moving, while two pieces of artillery were placed so as to command the road from Belfast to Carrickfergus. Before Orr mounted the scaffold, "a poor Catholic tenant of his own stood weeping by his side, to whom he stretched out his hat, which he presented to him as a token of friendship and remembrance, and requested his friends to show kindness to him, for though he was poor he was honest, which was more to be respected than wealth." After the rope had been put about his neck, he exclaimed—"I am no traitor; I am persecuted for a persecuted country. Great Jehovah, receive my soul! I die in the true faith of a Presbyterian." (*Trial of W. Orr*, Callwell Collection, Belfast Museum.)

He was defended by John Philpot Curran, and the portrait of the latter, copied here, was sketched in the Court-house of Carrickfergus during the trial.

Mourning rings with Orr's hair set in them, and the words, "Remember Orr," were commonly worn. Even the black crape cap which was drawn over his face on the scaffold was cut into pieces and distributed to his friends. One of these pieces still exists in possession of Mr. W. Orr, R.M.

Memorial cards were printed secretly. It was death to be found with one of them in '98. An example from the Belfast Museum is here given in *fac-simile*.

SACRED
To the Memory of
WILLIAM ORR,
Who was offer'd up at Carrickfergus, on Saturday,
the 14th of October, 1797:
an awful Sacrifice to
IRISH FREEDOM,
on the *Altar* of *British Tyranny*,
by the hands of *Perjury*,
thro' the influence of *Corruption*
and the Connivance of
PARTIAL JUSTICE!!

O! Children of ERIN! when YE *forget* HIM,
his Wrongs, his Death, his Cause,
the injur'd RIGHTS of MAN;
nor these revenge:—

May you be debar'd THAT LIBERTY he sought,
and *forgotten* in the Hist'ry of Nations;
or, if remember'd,
remember'd with disgust and execration,
or nam'd with scorn and horror!

No, Irishmen! let us bear him in steadfast Memory;
Let HIS fate nerve the martial arm
to wreak the Wrongs of
ERIN,
and assert her undoubted Claims:—
Let ORR be the watch-word to LIBERTY!

THE WAKE OF WILLIAM ORR.*

1797.

Feminis lugere, honestum est; viris meminisse.

Here our brother worthy lies,
Wake not him with women's cries;
Mourn the way that manhood ought;
Sit in silent trance of thought.

Write his merits on your mind,
Morals pure, and manners kind;
In his head, as on a hill,
Virtue plac'd her citadel.

Why cut off in palmy youth?
Truth he spoke, and acted truth;
"Countrymen, Unite!" he cried,
And died, for what his Saviour died!

God of Peace, and God of Love,
Let it not Thy vengeance move!
Let it not Thy lightnings draw,
A nation guillotin'd by law!

Hapless nation! rent and torn,
Early wert thou taught to mourn!
Warfare of six hundred years!
Epochs mark'd by blood and tears.

Hunted thro' thy native grounds,
A flung reward of human hounds;
Each one pull'd and tore his share,
Emblem of thy deep despair.

Hapless nation, hapless land:
Heap of uncementing sand!
Crumbled by a foreign weight,
Or by worse, domestic hate!

God of Mercy, God of Peace,
Make the mad confusion cease!
O'er the mental chaos move,
Through it speak the light of love!

Monstrous and unhappy sight!
Brothers' blood will not unite.
Holy oil and holy water
Mix—and fill the earth with slaughter.

Who is she, with aspect wild?
The widow'd mother with her child;
Child new stirring in the womb,
Husband waiting for the tomb.

Angel of this holy place,
Calm her soul, and whisper Peace!
Cord, or axe, or guillotine,
Makes the sentence, not the sin.

Here we watch our brother's sleep;
Watch with us, but do not weep:
Watch with us thro' dead of night,
But expect the morning light.

Conquer Fortune—persevere,—
Lo! it breaks—the morning clear!
The cheerful cock awakes the skies;
The day is come—Arise, arise!

APPENDIX C.

REV. SAMUEL BARBER, RATHFRILAND.

HE was a man of broad liberal principles, and at the time of the Rebellion in '98, hearing of a man near Newry having been hanged in his own garden without judge or jury, he remarked that "the country had best look to itself when such things could be done." For this he was arrested, tried, and found guilty of rebellious principles, and sentenced to seven years' banishment or two years in gaol. When a young self-sufficient officer came to tell him he was found guilty, "Well," said Mr. Barber, "what is the sentence?" When he was told, he said, "Well, then, I prefer going to gaol." "What would you have done," asked the officer, quite angrily, "if

* By William Drennan, M.D., 1754–1820.

you had had no choice?" "Sir," replied Mr. Barber, perfectly calm and collected, "the question answers itself." "You can have a conveyance ready in the morning to take you to Downpatrick," the officer said, in an insolent tone. "What!" replied the prisoner, "have a conveyance ready to take myself to gaol! that I never will." "Then, sir," said the officer, "be ready to walk." "Very well. But stop," said Mr. Barber, "it is but right you, or whoever has the command, should know that some time since I slipped my foot and broke one of the back sinews of my leg, and I fear, if I must walk, we will be a fortnight on the road." "Very well," said the young officer, "be ready in the morning." So, in the morning they set off to walk, but Mr. J. W. Glenny had a horse saddled, ready, just out of the town of Newry, for Mr. Barber to ride. Instead of taking the direct route to Downpatrick, the officer made a roundabout, taking the prisoner through his parish and town of Rathfriland, in order, it was thought, to excite an attempt at rescue; but Mr. Barber's calmness and firmness prevented that. When his friends would have crowded round him, he desired them "not to come near or to speak to him, and no harm would come to him, but any interference would be fatal." Mr. Barbour was lodged in Downpatrick gaol.

The accompanying unpublished letter of Lord Castlereagh refers to the above.

LIMERICK, *7th June.*

DEAR SIR,—Your letter followed me here. Being altogether ignorant of the charge against Mr. Barber, and equally so of the Magistrate upon whose warrant he has been apprehended, I am at a loss how to take any steps in his favour. The L'Derry Regt. is order'd to march immediately to Dundalk and Newry. As soon as I return, I shall be happy to make any enquiry in my power.

I am, Dr Sir,

Most truely *(sic)* yours,

CASTLEREAGH.

To ACHESON THOMSON, ESQ.,
Newry, 1797.

From a Family History in possession of Miss F. M. M'Tear, Belfast.

The following unpublished letter shows Lord Castlereagh in possibly an unexpected light. It is addressed to his wine merchants, Alexander Gordon & Sons, Calender Street:—

GENTLEMEN,—If you have another pipe of the *very same* Lisbon White Wine you last sent, I should wish to have it secured, and kept for me, as I think it very good; but the last Sherry you

sent is a pipe of very different wine, and has disappointed me very much. It is very little better, and something of the same nature of the one I returned, and to my taste a heavy, unpalatable bad wine. The Port I like very well. The Claret I cannot yet pronounce upon.

I am, Gentlemen,
Your obed$^{t.}$ serv$^{t.}$
CASTLEREAGH.

MOUNTSTEWART,
June 20th, 1796.

(*Communicated by Miss Carruthers.*)

APPENDIX D.

Letter from Henry Joy M'Cracken's mother to his sister in Dublin.

BELFAST, *Nov. 16th*, 1796.

DEAR MARY,—I wrote your sister the 14th; but as I got a frank, I thought you would be glad to hear from us as often as possible. I was sorry to find by John's letter to his wife that you don't like Dublin, tho' I was sure it would be the case; but I hop'd your seeing Harry, and that perhaps you might get some of your muslins sold, would partly reconcile you to it. There was five taken up yesterday and sent to Carrick on a bad woman's oath—Joseph Cuthbert, Tom Storey, poor C. O'Donnell, clarke to Tom Stewart, and a sadler. This day there was a poor man in faver (*sic*) stole out of his House, and went throw this street calling out a Republick for Ireland, and he was a Republican. He had a hank$^{f.}$ tyed about his head, and as pale as Death. In a few minutes he had after him a great multitude of soldiers after him. When I look out our window I saw a little officer put his hand to his sword and dam him to hold his tongue. They carried him to the guard house, where, to their great mortification, they found the man deranged. . . Tho' times are not so pleasant as we could wish them, I hope they will mend; and I have found what I thought to be distressing turn out for good, and we should always trust in Providence that can bring good out of evil. All the family joins me in affe^{te} compliments to our friends in Kilmainham, and to you, and John, and Peggy, and Mr. Bunting.

And I am, Dear Mary,
Your affe^{te} mother,
ANN M'CRACKEN.

(*From original MS. in possession of Mr. C. Aitchison, J.P.*)

Another version of "Henry's Ghost," kindly dictated from memory by Mrs Thos. L'Estrange, and said by her to have been written by Captain Thomas Russell, who was engaged to Miss Mary M'Cracken, and, when concealed on the Cave Hill in 1798, was supplied by her with food and money to get away. In 1803 Russell joined in Emmet's rebellion, and issued a proclamation calling on the men of County Down to rise, of which the Editor has the original MS. After his execution at Downpatrick, Miss M'Cracken had a stone slab put on his grave, inscribed, "This is the Grave of Russell."

'Twas night, and the moon climbed the hills of the west,
While the slave and the tyrant lay equal at rest.
No sound shook the air except that from afar,
And in nature nought moved but the quick shooting star.
Proclaimed and pursued by the servants of power,
I stole from my cot in the still midnight hour,
When Henry M'Cracken, in green garments clad,
Appeared and addressed me, while I shook with dread.
"Fear nothing," he said, "though my features be wan,
'Twas I lately bled for the dear Rights of Man.
To give you some comfort, I've come from the skies;
Like the moon in full beauty our cause shall arise.
When Storey was murdered and Dickey lay dead,
And the hands of oppressors on spikes raised each head,
Their spirits triumphant arose to the skies,
And proclaimed through the air that the Croppies should rise.
Oh the time soon will come, when the heads of the slaves
Shall be taken from the spikes to make room for the knaves;
The wanderers in glory again shall return,
The "tenders" shall sink, and the prisons shall burn;
Our land shall be eased from her taxes and tithes,
And our brethren in peace turn their swords into scythes;
False England shall then her injustice deplore,
The Green Isle shall be happy when tyrants are no more.

February, 1799.

Mr. Lawson Browne informs the Editor that the night before M'Cracken was taken he came down from under cover to the village of Greencastle, where Mr. Browne's mother and her sister were lodging. He told them to tell their father that he would never forget them, and that next day he would escape to America. The ground of the Cave Hill was then covered with thick brushwood, where he lay concealed all day, lodging at night in the cottage of a gamekeeper, near the "Volunteer" Well, whose daughter he would have married if he had lived.

APPENDIX E.

Letter from Rev. Sinclair Kelburn Kilmainham Prison, to Mr. M'Cracken, sen., Rosemary Lane, Belfast.

KILMAINHAM, *May 6th, 1797.*

DEAR SIR,—You may remember that I left Belfast in good spirits, and in hopes of returning soon. I am in very tolerable health and spirits at present; but as to returning soon, I can say nothing about that matter.

I am exceedingly concerned about the state of the congregation; but I trust the Presbytery will take all the care of it they can. Poor Belfast! when will thy inhabitants be in ease and comfort? There is one consideration which should teach us patience in all afflictions, and it is a very important one, namely—that nothing cometh to pass by chance, but all things are under the direction of an all-perfect God, most just, most wise, most merciful.

You, Sir, have in the course of a long and active life gone through many dangers and difficulties, and latterly you have had the affliction of having two of your sons put into prison. You cannot but feel both as a man and a father; but keep up your heart in a reliance upon the high Providence of God, who bringeth light out of darkness. William and Henry are well; so are Mr. Neilson, Mr. Hazlett, and the rest in their ward. We have had no news this day; my friends have not as yet been permitted to see me, which must distress them very much. For my part, I am very patient. I have the agreeable company and conversation of Doctor Crawford, in a large, airy room. I got a bed, &c., from my sister, and am as comfortable as I can be with respect to the eatable and drinkable necessaries of life. We had a visit from Lord Carhampton the night after we arrived at this College, for so I shall call it. We have excellent air, very indifferent water, and no view but the cells that surround us. The prisoners in the rooms above us have a very fine prospect, and better air, of course, than we have.

You see that I can't help preaching a little now and then. I hope I shall not forget the way of it, lest when I shall return I should happen now and then to be at a loss for something to say in the pulpit, to the great astonishment of my old friends the old women that sit in the alleys of the meeting-house. In this place I neither preach nor hear preaching; but they cannot hinder me to read the Bible, nor prevent me from praying.

This letter is tolerably long, but I hope not tedious; and I trust it will not be unacceptable to you or your family, as it comes from your sincere friend and

Humble servt.

S. KELBURN.

Mrs. M'Cracken will be so good as to send for my servant Fanny, and inform her that I am in good health, and that I want none of the necessaries of life, but have good meat and drink, and liberty to walk in the large yard at stated times.

(*From a copy kindly made by Mr. C. Aitchison, J.P.*)

APPENDIX F.

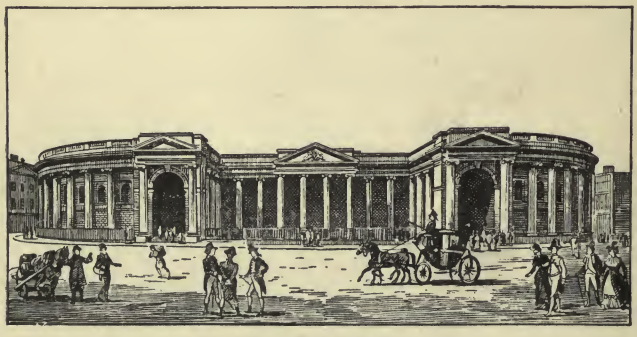
The following unpublished letter of Theobald Wolfe Tone is given, as it was written to Mr. Samuel M'Tier, Belfast, just at the time the Society of United Irishmen was founded by Tone and his friends here :—

DEAR SIR,—I received your letter about four days since, and am very thankful to you for remembering me on the occasion which caused you to write to me. I send you enclosed your queries (on the law of trespass), and the answer to them. I shall also by Monday's post send you a few remarks on the foolish publication of the Down hunt, in the printing of which, however, it is not necessary for my name to appear. If it were not for the hurry of time, and the continual trouble of furnishing my lodgings, which at present occupy me entirely, I should send them by this post; but I have really been so employed since the receipt of yours, that it has been entirely out of my power. I beg to be remembered to all our friends of the *Quorum*, and am very sincerely your much

Obliged and obedient Servant,

T. WOLFE TONE.

Parade, Queen St., Dublin,
Jan. 28, 1792.



IRISH HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT, 1782

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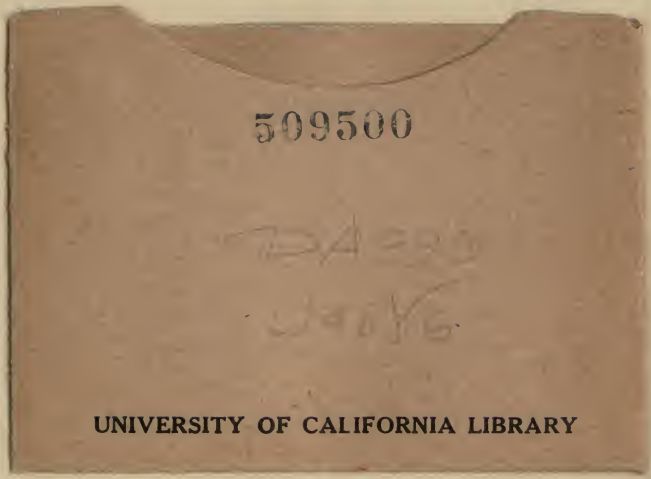

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